

**T**her is beyonde the Alpe,  
 a towne of auncient fame,  
 whose bright renoune yet shyneth cleare,  
 Verona men it name.  
 Buylt in an happy time,  
 buylt on a fertile soyle:  
 Mayntened by the beaumenly fates,  
 and by the townish soyle.  
 The fruitfull hilles aboue,  
 the pleasant vales belowe,  
 The silver streame with channell depe,  
 that throught the towne doth flow:  
 The stoz of springes that serue  
 for ble, and eke for ease:  
 And other moe commodities,  
 which profite may and please.  
 Eke many certayne signes  
 of thinges betyde of alde,  
 To fill the honger eyes of those  
 that curiously beholde:  
 Doe make this towne to bee  
 preferred aboue the rest  
 of Lombard townes, or at the least  
 compared with the best.  
 In which while Escalus,  
 as prince alone did raigne,  
 To reache rewarde vnto the good,  
 To pay the liwde with payne,  
 Alas (I rewe to thinke)  
 an heauy hadde befell:  
 Which Boccace shant (not my rude song)  
 were able forth to tell,  
 Within my trembling hand,  
 my penne doth shake for feare:  
 And on my colde awased head,  
 bright doth stand my heare.

A 1.

But

*The tragicall histori.*

But sith the doth commaunde,  
whose host I must obeye,  
In moorning verse, a wefull chaunce  
to tell I will assaye.

Help learned Dallas, helpe,  
ye muses with your arte,  
Helpe all ye damned seedes to tell,  
of loyes retourned to smart.

Helpe eke ye sisters three,  
my skillesse penne cindyt:  
For you it can be which I (alas)  
unable am to wyte.

There were two auncient stockes,  
which Fortune high dyd place  
Above the rest, indebted with welth,  
and nobler of their race.

Loued of the common sort,  
loued of the Prince alike:  
And like vnhappy were they both,  
when Fortune list to strike.

Whose prayse with equall blast,  
same in her trumpet blew:

The one was cliped Caplet,  
and the other Montague.

A wonted vse it is,  
that men of likelly sort  
(I wot not by what surp sort)  
enuey eke others porte.

So these, whose egall state  
bred enuey pale of hew,  
And then of grudging enueys roots,  
blacke hate and rancor grewe.

As of a little sparke,  
oft ryseth mighty fyre  
So of a kyndled sparke of grudge,  
in flames flashe out theyr fyre.

And



And then they dedlie foode,  
 first hatchd of trisling stryfe:  
 Did bathe in blond of smarting woundes,  
 it reued bzeth and lyfe.  
 So legend Ie I tell,  
 scarce yet they eyes be drye:  
 That did behold the grisly sight,  
 with wet and weping eye.  
 But when the prudent prince,  
 who there the scepter helde  
 So great a new disorder in  
 his common weale behelde:  
 By sentill meane he sought,  
 ther choler to asswage:  
 And by perswasion to appease,  
 their blamefull furious rage.  
 But both his wordes and tyme,  
 The pzince hath spent in vayne:  
 So rooted was the inward hate,  
 he lost his busy payne.  
 When frendlie sage aduise,  
 ne sentyll woozdes auayle:  
 By thondring threats, & princely powe  
 their courage gan be quayle.  
 In hope that when he had  
 the waiking flame suppress,  
 In tyme he should quyte quench & sparks  
 that booznd within they bzest.  
 Now whilst these kyndreds do  
 remayne in this estate,  
 And eche with outward frendlie shew  
 doth hyde his inward hate:  
 One Romeus, who was  
 of race a Montague,  
 Upon whose tender chyn, as yet,  
 no manlyke bearde there grewe,  
 A. II. whose

## *The tragicall histori.*

Whole beauty and whose shape  
So farre the rest byd stayne:  
That from the chiefe of Honor youth  
he greatest fame byd gayne  
Hath founde a mayde so fayre  
(he found so foule his happe)  
Whole beauty, shape, and comely grace,  
did so his hart entrappe,  
That from his owne assayes,  
his thought she did remoue:  
Onely he sought is honoꝝ her,  
to serue her, and to loue.  
To her he wytreth oft,  
oft messengers are sent:  
At length (in hope of better speede)  
him selfe the leuer went  
Present to pleade for grace,  
which absent was not founde.  
And to discover to her eye  
his new receaued wounde.  
But she that from her youth  
was sollied euermore  
With vertues foode, and taught in schole  
of wisdomes skilfull loze,  
By aunswere did cutte of  
affections of his loue,  
That he no more occasion had  
so bayne a sute to moue.  
So sterne she was of chere,  
(for all the payne he tooke)  
That in reward of toyle, she would  
not geue a friendly look.  
An yet how much she did  
with constant mind retyre,  
So much the more his seruent minde  
was pyckt fourth by desyre.

But

But when he many monthes,  
 hopelesse of his recure,  
 Had serued her, who forced not  
 what paynes he did endure:  
 At length he thought to leaue  
 Verona, and to psonne,  
 If change of place might change a daye  
 his ill bestowed loue.  
 And speaking to himselfe,  
 thus can he make his mone:  
 What booteth me to loue and serue  
 a fell vntthankfull one.  
 Sith that my humble sute  
 and labour so lode in payne,  
 Can reape none other frutte at all  
 but scorn and proude disdain:  
 What way she seekes to goe,  
 the same I seeke to runne:  
 But she the path wherin I treade,  
 with speedy flight doth shunning,  
 I can not liue, except  
 that nere to her I be:  
 She is ap best content when she  
 is farthest off from me.  
 Wherefore henceforth I wyll  
 farre from her take my flight:  
 Perhaps mine eye once banished  
 by absence from her sight:  
 This tye of myne, that by  
 her pleasant eyne is led;  
 Shall little and little weare away,  
 and quite at last be dead.  
 But whilst he did detee  
 this purpose still to kepe:  
 A contrary repugnant thought  
 sanke in his brest so depe:

A. M.

What



## The tragicall bystory.

That doubtfull is he now,  
which of the twayne is best:  
In sighs, in teares, in playnte, in care,  
in sorrow and unrest,  
He mounes the daye, he wakes  
the long and weery night,  
Whoepe hath loue with pearding hand,  
pgrande her bewty bright  
Within his brest, and hath  
so mastered quite his hart:  
That he of soyce must yeld as thall,  
no way is left to start,  
He can not stay his stepp  
but forth still must be runne,  
He languisheth and melts a waye,  
as snow against the sunne.  
His hyndred and alyes,  
do wonder what he ayles,  
And eche of them in frendly wise,  
his beauty say be wayles,  
But one among the rest,  
the trustiest of his secretes,  
Farre more then he with counsel sild  
and ryper of his peares  
Can sharply him rebuke,  
suche love to him he bare:  
That he was selow of his smart,  
and partner of his care.  
What meant thou Hamens  
(quoth he) what dotting rage  
Dooth make thee thus consume a waye,  
the best parte of thine age,  
In seeking her that scomes,  
and hydes her from thy sight:  
Not forking all thy great expecte,  
no yet thy honoz bright.

Thy

of Romeus and Iuliet. Fo. 4

Thy teares, thy wretched lyfe,  
in thine vnspotted truth:  
Whiche art of force (I weene) to moue  
the hardest hart to ruche.  
Now for our friendships sake,  
and for thy health I pray,  
That thou henceforth become thyne owne  
And geue no more away  
Unto a thankeles wight,  
thy precious free estate,  
In that thou louest such a one,  
thou seemst thy selfe to hate.  
For the doth loue els where,  
(and then thy tyme is loyne)  
O: els (what boeteth the to sue)  
loues court she hath forsworne.  
Both young thou art of yeres,  
and high in fortunes grace,  
What man is better shapd then thou?  
who hath a sweeter face?  
By painfull studies meane,  
great learning hast thou wonne.  
Thy parentes haue none other heyre,  
thou art theyr onely sonne.  
What greater grieve (trowst thou?)  
what wofull dedly smart  
Should so be able to distraine  
thy seely fathers hart?  
As in his age to see  
thee plunged deepe in byce,  
When greatest hope he hath to heare  
thy vertues fame arise.  
What shall thy kinsmen thinke,  
thou cause of all theyr ruche?  
Thy dedly foes do laugh to skorne  
thy yll employed youth.

A. iiii.

What

## *The tragicall hystory.*

Wherefoze my counsell is,  
that thou hencefozth beginne  
To knowe and flye the error which  
to long thou liuedst in.  
Remoue the beale of loue,  
that keepes thine eyes so blynde:  
That thou ne canst the ready path  
of thy fozeathers synde.  
But if vnto thy will  
so much in thzall thou art:  
yet in some other place bestowe  
thy wittles wandzing hart.  
Chose out some woꝛthy dame,  
her honoꝛ thou and serue,  
Who will geue eare to thy complaint  
and pittie ere thou serue.  
But solw no moze thy paynes  
in such a barrayne soyle:  
As yeldes in harvest time no crop  
in recompence of toyle.  
Er long the townishe dames  
together will resort:  
Some one of beuty, sauour, shape,  
and of so louely pozte:  
With so fast fixed eye,  
per haps thou mayst beholde:  
That thou shalt quite forget thy loue,  
and passions past of olde.  
The pong mans lytning eare  
receude the holsome sounde,  
And reasons truth yplanted so,  
within his head had grounde:  
That now with healthie coole  
ytemperd is the heate:  
And piecemale weares a way the greefe  
that erst his heart dyd seate.  
To his



To his approued friend,  
 a solempne othe he plight  
 At euery feast pkept by day,  
 and banquet made by night:  
 At pardons in the church.  
 at games in open streete:  
 And euery where he would refoze  
 where Ladies went to meete.  
 Like should his sauage heart  
 lyke all indifferently:  
 For he would biew and iudge them all  
 with vnallured eye.  
 How happy had he been.  
 had he not been forsworne:  
 But twyfe as happy had he been  
 had he been neuer bozne.  
 For ere the Moone could thys  
 her waiked boznes remew,  
 False Fortune cast for him pooze inetch,  
 a mischiefe newe to byrwe.  
 The wery winter nightes  
 refoze the Christmas games:  
 And now the season both inuite  
 to banquet to winish dames.  
 And fyrst in Capels house,  
 the chiefe of al the kyn:  
 Sparth for no cost, the wanted bis  
 of banquets to begyn.  
 No Lady sayre o; folwe.  
 was in Verona towne:  
 No knight o; gentleman  
 of high o; lowe renowne:  
 But Capilet himselte  
 hath byt vnto his feast:  
 O; by his name in paper sent,  
 appoynted as a guest.

## *The tragicall history.*

Young damisels thether flocke,  
of bachelers a rowte:  
Not so much for the banquets sake,  
as betwies to searche out.  
But not a Montague  
would enter at his gate:  
For as you heard, the Capilets,  
and they were at debate.  
Dane Romeo, and he  
in maske with hidden face:  
The supper done, with other five  
did please into the place.  
When they had masked a while,  
with dames in courtly wise:  
All byd unmaske, the rest byd they  
them to they ladies eyes.  
But bashfull Romeo,  
with shamesfull face forsooke  
The open please, and him withdrew  
into the chambers nooke.  
But brighte then the sunne,  
the warrn torches shone,  
That mangle what he could, he was  
espyde of every one.  
But of the women cheefe,  
their gassing eyes that threwe  
To wonder at his sightlie shape  
and betwies spotles beue.  
With which the heuens him had  
and nature so beuect:  
That Ladies thought the fayrest dames  
were folle in his respect.  
And in they head beside,  
an other wonder rose,  
How he durst put himselfe in throng  
among so many foes.

Of courage stoute they thought  
 his cumming to procede:  
 And women loue an hardy hart  
 as I in stoxes rede.  
 The Capilets discayne  
 the pzeence of they: for:  
 Yet they suppress the: sty: red pze,  
 the cause I do not knowe.  
 Perhaps to offend they: gesses  
 the courtious knights are loth,  
 Perhaps they stay from sharpe reuenge,  
 dreading the Princes wroth.  
 Perhaps so: that they shamd  
 to exercise they: rage:  
 Within their house, gainst one alone  
 and him of tender age.  
 They vse no taunting talke,  
 ne harue him by they: drede:  
 They neyther say, what makst thou here,  
 ne yet they say God speche.  
 So that he freely might  
 the Ladies biew at ease:  
 And they also beholding him,  
 their change of fancies please,  
 Which nature had him taught,  
 to doe with such a grace,  
 That ther was none but loyed at  
 his being there in place.  
 With upright beame he wayd  
 the bewty of eche dame,  
 And ludg who best and who next her,  
 was wrought in natures frame.  
 At length he saw a mayd,  
 right fayre of perfet shape:  
 Which Theseus, or Paris would  
 haue chosen to their rape:

When



## The tragicall history.

Whom erst bee neuer salve,  
of all the pleases hym most:  
Within him selfe he said to her,  
thou iustly mayst thee bolde,  
Of perfit shapen renoune,  
and Beauties sounding prayse:  
Whose like ne hath, ne shal be seene,  
ne lieth in oure dayes.  
And whilst he stird on her  
his partiall perced eye,  
His former loue, for which of late  
he ready was to dye.  
Is nowe as quite forgotte,  
as it had neuer been:  
The proverbe saith vnminded oft  
are they that are vnseene.  
And as out of a planke  
a nayle a nasse doth vyne:  
So nouell loue out of the minde  
the auncient loue doth rine.  
This sodain kindled fyre  
in time is wor so great:  
That only death, and both theyr bluds  
might quench the fiery heate.  
When Romeus saw him selfe  
in this new tempest rook:  
Where both was hope of pleasant port,  
and daunger to be lost:  
The doubtfull skarsely knew  
what countenance to keepe  
In Lethies floud his wonted flames  
were quenched and drenched deepe.  
Yea he forgets himselfe,  
ne is the wretch so bolde  
To aske her name, that without force  
hath him in bondage solde.

of Romens and Iuliet. Fa. 7

He holw tunloose his bondes  
both the poore focke deuise,  
But onely ier herb by her sight  
to feede his houngrv eyes.  
Throug them he swalloweth downe  
loue - iwe ete empopsnd baite,  
How surely are the waresles wapt  
by those that lye in wapte.  
So is the popson spred  
throughtout his bones and baines.  
That in a while (alas the while)  
it hasteth deadly paines.  
Whilst Iuliet (for so  
this gentle damsell hight)  
From syde to syde on euery one  
tyd cast about her sight.  
At last her flowing eyes  
were ancozd fast on him,  
Who for her sake tyd banythe heath  
and fre dome from erbe lttyme.  
He in her sight did seeme  
to passe the rest as farre  
As Phoebus shining beames do passe  
the brightnes of a starre.  
In wapte lare warlike lone  
with golden bowe and shaft,  
And to his eare with steapy hand  
the bolddring tyd he cast.  
Till now he had scape  
his sharpe inflaming darte.  
Till now he had not assaulte  
her pong and tender hart.  
His whitted arrel loofde,  
so toucht her to the quicke.  
That throug the eve it drake the hart,  
and there the hedde did Rucke,  
It booted

## *The tragicall history.*

It booted not to strive,  
for whi, she wanted strength:  
The weaker eye vnto the strong  
of force must yeld at length.  
The poms now of the least  
her heart gyus to despyle:  
And only loyeth when her eyes  
meete with her lovers eyes,  
When they; new scrypten heartes  
had fed on louing gleames:  
Whilke passing too and fro they; eyes  
ymingled were they; beames,  
Eche of these lovers gan  
by others looks to knowe:  
That friendship in they; best had roote,  
and both would haue it grow.  
When thus in both they; hartes  
had Cupide made his breach:  
And eche of them had sought the meane  
to end the warre by speache:  
Dame Fortune did assent  
they; purpose to aduance:  
With towche in hand a comly knight  
did fetch her forth to dancke.  
She quit her selfe so well,  
and with so trim a grace:  
That shee cheere pryse wan that night  
from all Verona race.  
The whilst our Romeo,  
a place had warely wonne:  
Eye to the seate where she must sit.  
the dancke once beyng donne,  
Payre Juliet turned to,  
her chapy with pleasant cheere:  
And glad she was her Romeo  
approched was so nere.



of Romeus and Iuliet. Fo. 8

At thone side of her chayre,  
her lover Romeo:  
And on the other side there sat  
one cald Mercutio.  
A courtier that erbe where  
was highly had in pryce:  
For he was courteous of his speche,  
and pleasant of deuce.  
Even as a Lyon would  
among the lambes beholde:  
Such was among the bashfull maydes,  
Mercutio to beholde.  
With frendly gripe he ceasd  
kysse Juliets snowish hand  
A gyft he had that nature gave  
him in his swathing band.  
That frosen mountayne yce  
was neuer halfe so cold  
As were his handes, though nere so nere  
the fire he dyd them holde.  
As soone as had the knight  
the byrgins right hand raught:  
Within his trembling hand her left  
bath lousing Romeus raught.  
For he wist well him selfe  
for her abode most payne:  
And well he wist she loude him best,  
vntles she list to sayne  
Then she with tender hand  
his tender palme bath prest:  
What loy trow you was grafted so  
in Romeus clouen brest?  
The soodain sweete delight  
bath stopped quite his tong:  
He can be claime of her his right,  
ne craue redresse of wrong.

But

## *The tragicall history.*

But the espyde straight waye  
by chaunging of his betwe  
From pale to red, from red to pale,  
and so from pale anelwe:  
That behment loue was cause,  
whi so his tong byd stay,  
And so much more she longde to heare  
what loue could teache him saye.  
When she had longed long,  
and he long held his place,  
And her desire of hearing him,  
by splanse byd encrease.  
At last with trembling voyce  
and shamefast chere, the mayde  
Unto her Homens tournde her selfe,  
and thus to him she sayde.  
O blessed be the time  
of thy arriuall here:  
But ere she could speake forth the rest,  
to her loue dyetwe so nere:  
And so within her mouth,  
her tong be glewed fast,  
That no one woold could scape her more,  
then what al ready past.  
In great contended ease  
the yong man straight is rapt,  
What chaunce (or he) vnware to me  
O lady myne is bapt:  
That geues you worthy cause,  
my cumming here to blisse.  
Fayre Juliet was come agayne  
vnto her selfe by this.  
Fyrst ruthfully she lookt,  
then sayd with smylng chere:  
Meruayle no whit my heartes delight,  
my onely knight and fere.

Mercu

Mercurtious vsy hande  
 had all to frosen myne  
 And of thy goodnes thou agayne  
 hast warmed it with thine.  
 Where to with stayed brow,  
 gan Romeus to reple  
 If so the gods haue graunted me,  
 suche fauour from the skye,  
 That by my being here,  
 some service I haue donne  
 That pleaseth you, I am as glad,  
 as I a realin had wonne,  
 O wel bestowed tyme,  
 that hath the happy hys,  
 Which I woulde wyth if I might haue,  
 my wished harts desire.  
 For I of God would craue,  
 as pryse of paynes so past,  
 To serue, obey, and honoꝝ you,  
 so long as lyfe shal last.  
 As prooffe shall teache you playne,  
 yf that you like to trye  
 This saltles truth, that nill so ought,  
 vnto his lady lye.  
 But if my tooched hand,  
 haue warmed yours some dele  
 Assure your self the heat is cold,  
 which in your hand you fele,  
 Compard to suche quick sparks  
 and glowing furious gleade  
 As from your betwixes pleasaunt eyne,  
 loue caused to procede.  
 Which haue so set on fyre,  
 eche feling parte of myne,  
 That so, my mynde doeth melt awaye:  
 my vtward parts doe pyne.



*The tragicall histori.*

And but you helpe all whole,  
to ashes shall I toozine:  
Wherfore (alas) have ruth on him,  
whom you do force to bezne.  
Even with his ended tale,  
the torches daunce had ende,  
And Juliet of force must part  
from her new chosen friend.  
His hand she clasped hard,  
and all her partes did shake:  
When layfureles with whispzing voyce  
thus did she aunswer make.  
You are no more youre owne  
(deare friend) then I am yours  
(My hono<sup>r</sup> saved) prest to day  
your will, while life endures.  
Lo her the lucky let  
that sild true lovers finde:  
Each takes away the others hart  
and leaues there owne behinde.  
A happy life is love  
if God graunt from aboue,  
That hart with hart by even waight  
doo make exchange of love.  
But Romeo gone from her,  
his heart for care is colde:  
He hath forgot to aske her name  
that hath his hart in holde.  
With forged cares there,  
of one he seekes to knowe,  
Both how she hight, & whence she came  
that him enchaunted so.  
So hath he leard her name,  
and knoweth she is no geast,  
Her father was a Capulet,  
and master of the feast.

Thus

of Romeo and Iuliet Fo 10

Thus hath hys foe in choise  
to geue him lyfe or death:  
that scarcely can his woful brest  
keepe in the liuely breath.  
Wherefore with piteous plaint  
feerce Fortune doth he blame:  
That in his rathe and wretched plight  
doth seeke her laughing game.  
And he repproueth bloue,  
cheefe cause of his brenn:  
Who ease and freedom hath erlde  
out of his youthfull brest.  
Elyse hath bee made him serue,  
hopeles of his rewarde:  
Of both the ylls to choose the lesse,  
I weene the choise were harde  
I yll to a ruthlesse one  
he made him sue for grace:  
And now with spurre he foxeth him  
to runne an endles race.  
Amid these stormy seas  
one enco: doth him holde,  
He serueth not a cruell one,  
as he had done of olde.  
And therfore is content,  
and chooseth still to serue:  
Thoughe hap should sweare y guerdonles  
the wretched wight should serue.  
The lot of Tantalus  
is Romeo lyke to thine  
For want of foode amid his foode,  
the myser spill doth pine.  
As carefull was the mayde  
what way were best deuise:  
To learne his name, that intertaind  
her in so gentle wise.

## *The tragicall histori.*

Of whome her hart receiued  
so deepe, so wyde a wounde,  
An auncient dame she calde to her  
and in her eare ganrounde,  
This olde dame in her youth,  
had nursed her with her milke,  
With slender neede taught her sowe,  
and how to spin with silke.  
What twaine are those (quoth she)  
which please vnto the dooze,  
Whose pages in theyr hand doe beare,  
two torches light besoze.  
And then as eche of them  
had of his household name,  
So she him namde yet once agayne  
the yong and wply dame,  
And tell me who is he  
with vs so in his hand  
That yender both in masking weede  
besyde the window stand.  
His name is Romeo  
(said she) a Montegewe.  
Whose fathers yde first stirred the strife  
which both your householdes rewe.  
The wooer of Montague,  
her loyes did ouerthrow,  
And straight in steade of happi hope,  
dyspayre began to growe.  
What hap haue I quoth she,  
to loue my fathers foe?  
What, am I weep of my wele?  
What, dee I wishe my woe?  
But though her greiuous paynes  
distrained her tender hart,  
Yet with an outward shewe of loye  
she clocked inward smart.

Ar. d



And of the courtlyke dames  
 her leaue so courtly tooke,  
 That none byd gesse the sodain change  
 by changing of her lookc.  
 Then at her mothers hest  
 to chamber she her hyde  
 So well she saynde, mother ne nurse,  
 the hidden harme describe.  
 But when she should haue slept  
 as wont she was, in bed,  
 Not halfe a winke of quiet slepe,  
 could barter in her bed.  
 For loe, an huge heape  
 of dyuers thoughtes arise  
 That rest haue banisht from her hart,  
 and slumber from her eyes.  
 And now from syde to syde  
 she tosseth and she tourns  
 And now for feare she shewereth,  
 and now for loue she burns.  
 And now she lyketh her choyse,  
 and now she blames her choyse,  
 And now eche houre wythin her bedde  
 a thousand fancies frames.  
 Some tyme in mynde to stopp,  
 amyd her course begonne:  
 Sometime she bowes what so betyde,  
 that attempted race to runn.  
 Thus daungers dread and loue,  
 wythin the mayden fought,  
 The fight was ferce contynuyng long  
 by theyre contrary thought.  
 In tournyng mase of loue  
 she wandreth too and fro,  
 Then standeth doubtfull what to do,  
 last ouerprest wyth wo

## *The tragicall hystory.*

How so her fantasies cease,  
her teares dyd neuer blyn,  
With heauy chere and wynged handes  
thus both her playnt begyn.  
As sly foole (quoth she)  
proughe in soottyll snare:  
As wretched wenche be wrapt in wor,  
as captyf clad wpth care,  
Whence come these wandryng thoughtes  
to thy vnconstant brest?  
By strayne thus from reasons loze,  
that reue thy wented rest.  
What if bys sutrell brayne,  
to sayne haue taught his tonge?  
And so the snake that lurkes in grasse  
thy tender hart hath rong?  
What pf wpth frenchie speache  
the traytoz ly in wapte?  
As oft the popsond booke is bid  
wapt in the pleasant bayte?  
Oft vnder cloke of truth,  
hath falschod serud her lust:  
And tooznd theyz honoz into shame,  
that did so lightly trust.  
What, was not Dido so,  
a crowned Queene defamd?  
And she soz such an heynous cryme,  
haue men not Thescus blamid?  
A thousand stozies moze,  
to teache me to beware:  
In Bocace, and in Quids bookes  
too playnely wyltten are.  
Perhaps the great reuenge  
he cannot woozke by strength:  
By sutrell sleight (my honoz sayne)  
he hopes to woozke at length.

So shall I seeke to finde  
 my fathers foe his game:  
 So I dispyd, repost shall take  
 her troupe of blacke defame.  
 Whence she with puffed cheeke  
 shall blowe a blast so shall  
 Of my dyspayse, that with the noyse  
 Alarona shall she fill.  
 Then I a laughing Locke  
 through all the towne become:  
 Shall hide my selfe, but not my shame,  
 within an hollowe roombe,  
 Aaight vnderneath her soote,  
 she treadeth in the dust  
 Ver troublefom thought as wholy vaine,  
 ybred of fond distrust.  
 No no by God aboue,  
 I wot it well quoth she,  
 Although I rashly spake befoze,  
 in no wise can it bee.  
 That where such perfet shape,  
 with pleasant bewty restes:  
 There crooked craft and treason blacke,  
 should be appoynted ges.  
 Sage writers say, the thoughts  
 are dwelling in the eyne:  
 Then sure I am as Cupid raignes  
 that Romeus is myne.  
 The tong the messenger,  
 eke all they of the mynd:  
 So that I see he loueth me,  
 that I then be vnkynd:  
 His faces rosy beu,  
 I saw full oft to seeke:  
 And straight againe it flashed soo;th,  
 and spyed in eithr cheeke.



## *The tragicall hystory.*

His fired beauenly eyne  
that thzough me quite did perce,  
His thoughts vnto my hart, my thought  
they seemed to rehearse.  
What ment his soltring tunge,  
in telling of his tale:  
The trembling of his soynts and eke  
his cooler weren pale:  
And whilst I talke with him,  
himself he bath erilde,  
Out of him self (as seemed me)  
ne was I sure begyde.  
Those arguments of loue,  
craft wate not in his face  
But natures hande when all deceyte,  
was banishd out of place.  
What other certain signes  
seke I of his good will?  
These doo suffice, and steadfast I  
will loue and serue him still.  
Till Atropos shall cut,  
my fatal thzead of lyfe,  
So that he mynde to make of me  
his lawfull weded wyfe.  
For so perchaunce this new  
alliance may procure  
Vnto our houses suche a peace  
as euer shall endure.  
Oh how we can perswade,  
our self to what we like  
And how we can diswade our mynde,  
if ought our mynd mislike.  
Weake arguments are stronge,  
our fancies streyght to frame,  
To pleasing things, and eke to shonne,  
if we mislike the same.

The

The mayde had scarcely yet  
 ended the wery warre,  
 Kept in her heart by striving thoughtes  
 when eury shining starre  
 Had payd his borrowed light,  
 and Phobus spzed in skies  
 His golden rayes, which seemd to say:  
 now time it is to rise.  
 And Romeus had by this  
 forsaken his wery bed:  
 Where he a thousand thoughtes  
 had sozged in his hed.  
 And while with lingring step  
 by Iulietts house he past:  
 And byward to her windowes high  
 his greedy eyes did cast:  
 His loue that lookd for him,  
 there gan he straight espie,  
 With pleasant cheere eche greeted is,  
 she followeth with her eye,  
 His parting steps, and he  
 oft looketh backe againe:  
 But not so oft as he despyes,  
 warily he both refraine.  
 What life were lyke to loue,  
 if dyed of leopardy,  
 pswored not the swete, if loue  
 were free from selosy.  
 But she moze sure within,  
 vnseene of any wight,  
 When so he comes, lookes after him,  
 till he be cut of sight.  
 In often passing so,  
 his buspyes he thzew,  
 That eury pane and toothing hole  
 the wily louer knew

## *The tragicall history.*

In happy houre he doth  
a garden plot espye:  
From which except he warily walke,  
men may his lone descrie,  
For lo, it fronted full,  
vpon her leaning place:  
Where she is wont to shew her heart  
by cheerefull frendly face.  
And lest the arbores might  
theyr secret loue bewraye:  
He doth keepe backe his forward foote  
from passing there by daye.  
But when on earth the night  
her mantel blacke hath spred:  
Then armd he walketh forth alone,  
ne dreadfull foes doth dread.  
Whom maketh loue not bold,  
nay whom makes he not blynd  
He rueth daungers dread oft times  
out of the louters minde.  
By night he passeth here,  
a weeke or two in bayne:  
And for the missing of his marke  
his griefe hath him nyce slaine.  
And Juliet that now  
doth lacke her hearts relecte:  
Her Romens pleasant eyen (I meane)  
is almost dead for greefe.  
Eche day she chaungeth bowres,  
(for louters keepe an howre)  
When they are sure to see theyr loue  
in passing by theyr bowre.  
Impatient of her woe,  
She hapt to leane one night  
Within her window, and anon  
the Moone did shine so bright,  
That



of Romeus and Iuliet. Fo. 14

That she espyde her loue,  
her hart reuiued, syng,  
And now for ioy she clappes her handes,  
which erst for woe she wyng.  
Like Romeus when he sawe  
his long desired sight:  
His moorning cloke of mone cast of  
hath clad him with delight.  
Yet dare I say, of both,  
that she reioyced more:  
His care was great, hers twice as great,  
was all the tyme before:  
For whilst she knew not why  
he did himselfe absent:  
Appoynting both his health and lyfe,  
his death she dyd lament.  
For loue ys fearefull oft,  
wher is no cause of feare:  
And what loue feares, that loue laments,  
as though it chaunced weare.  
Of greater cause alway  
is greater woe, ke pyed:  
Whyle he nought douteth of her helth,  
she dreads lest he be ded.  
When onely absence is  
the cause of Romeus smart:  
By happy hope of sight agayne  
he serdes his faynting hart.  
What woonder then if he  
were wapt in lesse annoy?  
What marvell if by sodain sight  
she fed of greater ioy?  
His smaller greife or ioy,  
no smaller loue doo proue:  
He for she passed him in both,  
did she him passe in loue.

But

## *The tragicall history.*

But ethe of them alike  
dyd burne in equall flame:  
The welbelouing knight, and eke  
the welbeloued dame.  
Now whilst with bitter teares  
her eyes as fountaynes ronne:  
With whispering voyce ybroke with sobs  
thus is her tale begonne.  
Oh Romeus (of your lyfe)  
to lauas sure you are:  
That in this place, and at thys tyme  
to basard it you dare.  
What if your dedly foes  
my kynsmen, saw you here?  
Lyke Lyons wylde, your tender partes  
asonder would they teare.  
In ruth and in disdaine,  
I weary of my lyfe:  
With cruell hand my mooyning hart  
would perce with bloody knyfe.  
For you myne owne once dead,  
what soy should I haue heare?  
And eke my honoz staynde which I  
then lyfe doe holde moze deare.  
Fayze lady myne dame Juliet  
my lyfe (quod he)  
Cuen from my byrth committed was  
to satall sisters thre.  
They may in spyte of foes,  
draw sooth my liuely threed:  
And they also who so sayth nay,  
a sonder may it threed.  
But who to reave my lyfe,  
his rage and force would bende:  
Perhaps should trye vnto his payne  
how I it could descende.

He yet I loue it so,  
 But allwaies for your sake,  
 A sacrifice to death I would,  
 my wounded corps betake.  
 If my misshape were such,  
 that here before your sight,  
 I should restore agayne to death,  
 of life my bosome light:  
 This on thing and no more  
 my parting spirit would reue:  
 What part he should, before that you  
 by certaine triall knew  
 The loue I owe to you,  
 the shall I languish in,  
 And how I dread to loose the gayne  
 which I doe hope to win.  
 And how I wishe for life,  
 not for my propre ease:  
 But that in it, you might I loue,  
 you honor, serue and please.  
 Till deadly pangs the spirights  
 out of the corps shall send:  
 And therupon be sware an othe,  
 and so his tale had ende.  
 Now loue and pittie boyle,  
 in Iuliet's ruthfull best,  
 In window on her leaning arme,  
 her weary head both rest.  
 Her bosome bathed in teares,  
 to witness inward payne:  
 With deary chere to Romens,  
 thus answered she agayne.  
 Ah my deere Romens,  
 keepe in these wordes (quod she)  
 For lo, the thought of such mischaunce,  
 already maketh me



## *The tragicall history.*

For pittie and for dread,  
wel nigh to yeloe vp breath:  
In euen ballance prised are  
my lif and eke my breath.  
For so my hart is knitted,  
yea, made one selfe with yours:  
That sure there is no greefe so small  
by which your mynde endures:  
But as you suffer payne,  
so I doe beare in part:  
(Although it lessens not your greefe)  
the halfe of all your smart.  
But these thinges ouerpass,  
if of your health and myne  
you haue respect, o pittie ought  
my teary weping eyne:  
In few vnsained wordes,  
your hidden mynde vnfolde,  
That as I see your pleasant face,  
your heart I may behold.  
For if you doe intende  
my hono<sup>r</sup> to defile:  
In erro<sup>r</sup> shall you wander still  
as you haue done this while.  
But if your thought be chaste,  
and haue on vertue ground,  
If wedlocke be the ende and marke  
which your desier hath found,  
Obedience set aside,  
vnto my parentes be low:  
The quarell eke that long agoe  
betwene our householders grew:  
Both me and myne I will  
all whole to you betake:  
And following you where so you goe,  
my fathers house forsake.

But

of Romeus and Iuliet. Fo. 16

But if by wanton loue,  
and by vnlawfull sute,  
You thinke in ripeſt yeres to plucke  
my maydenhoods daintie frute:  
You are begyle, and now  
your Iuliet you beſeekeſ  
So ceaſe your ſute, and ſuffer her  
to liue among her likes.  
Then Romeus, whole I thought  
was free from ſoule deſpise:  
And to the top of vertues haight,  
did worthely aſpyre:  
Was ſild with greater ioy  
then can my pen expreſſe:  
So till they haue enjoyd the like  
the heaues hart can geſſe.  
And then with tornd handes  
braub vp in to the ſkies:  
He thanks y Gods, and from y heauens  
for vengeance downe he cries:  
If he haue other thought,  
but as his lady ſpake:  
And then his looke he too;nd to her,  
and thus did aunſwer make.  
Since Lady that you like  
to hono; me ſo much,  
As to accept me for your ſpouſe,  
I yeld my ſelfe for ſuch,  
In true wiſnes wherof,  
becauſe I muſt depart,  
Till that my deede do y;oue my word,  
I leaue in p;atone my hart.  
To morow eke betimes,  
before the ſunne ariſe:  
To fryer Lawrence wil I wende,  
to learne his ſage aduiſe.

## *The tragicall history.*

He is my gostly fyre,  
and oft he hath me taught  
What I should doe in things of wayght,  
when I his ayde haue sought.  
And at this selfe same houre,  
I plyte you here my sayth:  
I will be here (if you thinke good)  
to tell you what he sayth.  
He was contented well,  
els saour sounde he none,  
That night at lady Juliets hand,  
sane pleasant woordes alone.  
This barefoote fryer gytt,  
with cold his grayly werde,  
For he of frauncis order was,  
a fryer as I reede.  
Not as the most was he,  
a grosse vnlearned soole:  
But doctoꝝ of diuinitie  
proceeded he in schoole.  
The secretes eke he knew,  
in natures woordes that looke:  
By magiks arte most men suppose  
that he could wonders woorde.  
As doth it ill beseme  
deuines those skills to know:  
If on no harmefull deede they do  
such skillfulnes bestow.  
For iustlye of no arte  
can men condemne the vse:  
But right and reasons loze ryse out  
against the lewd abuse.  
The bountie of the fryer  
and wisdom hath so wonne  
The towne folkes herts, that welnigh all  
to fryer Lawrence ranne.



To thine them selfe the olde,  
 the yong, the great and small:  
 Of all he is beloued well,  
 and honoꝝd much of all.  
 And so; he did the rest  
 In wisdome farre excede:  
 The pꝛince by hym (his counsell craude)  
 was holpe at time of neede.  
 Betwixt the Capilets  
 and hym grete frindshipp grew:  
 A secret and assured friend  
 vnto the Montague.  
 Loued of this yongentian moze  
 then anye other gest,  
 He sꝛer eke of Meron youth,  
 aye lyked Romeus best.  
 So; whome he euer hath  
 in tyme of his distres:  
 (As erst you heard) by skylfull loze,  
 found out his harmes redress.  
 To hym is Romeus gonn,  
 ne; sayth he tyll the morowe:  
 To him he paynteth all his case,  
 his passed iope and so; owre.  
 Howe he hath her espyde  
 wyth other dames in daunce,  
 And howe that first to talke with her,  
 hymselfe he did aduance.  
 Theire talks and chaunge of lookes  
 he gan to him declare,  
 And howe so fast by sayth and to;th  
 theise both ycoupled are,  
 That neither hope of lyfe,  
 no; dꝛed of cruell death,  
 Shall make him false his faithe to her  
 while lyfe shall lend him byeth.

C. i.

And

*The tragicall histori.*

And then with weeping eyes  
hee prates his gollie fire  
To further and accomplish  
their honest harts desire.  
A thousand doubts and moe  
in thold mans bed arose:  
A thousand dangers like to come,  
the olde man both disclose.  
And from the spousal rites  
he readeth him refrayne  
Perhaps he shal be bet abused  
within a weeke or twayne.  
Abuse is banished quite  
from those that followe loue,  
Except abuse to what they like  
they: bending minde do moue.  
As well the father might  
haue counseld him to stay  
That fro a mountaines top thron downe  
is falling halfe the way:  
As warne his frende to stop,  
amyd his race begon,  
Whom Cupid with his smarting whip  
enforceth sooth to runne.  
Part wonne by earnest sute,  
the frier both graunt at last:  
And part because he thinkes the noymes  
so lately ouerpast,  
Of both the honshoules warth:  
this marriage might appease,  
So that they should not rage agayne,  
but quite for euer cease.  
The respite of a day,  
he asketh to delay:  
What way were best vnknowne to ends  
so great an enterpryse.

Ebs

of *Romeus and Iuliet* Fo. 18

The wounded man that now  
doth deolie payns endure:  
Scarfe patient tarieyth whilst his leeches  
doth make the salac to cure:  
So Romeus scarflie graunts  
a short day and a night,  
Yet needs hee must, els must hee want  
his onlic hartes delight.  
You see that Romeus  
no time or payne dothe spare:  
Thinke that the whilst faire Iuliet  
is not deuoyd of care.  
Ponge Romeus pswreth sooth  
his wap and his mishap,  
Into the sriers best, but where  
shall Iuliet vnwrap  
The secrets of her hart?  
to whome shall she vnfolde,  
Her hidden burning loue, and eke  
her thought and cares so cold?  
The nurse of whome I spake  
with: n her chamber laye:  
Upon the mayde she waiteth still;  
to her she doth betwape  
Her newe receaued wound,  
and then her ayde doth craue:  
In her she sayes it lies to spill,  
in her, her life to saue.  
Not easilie she made  
the froward nurse to bolue,  
But wonne at length, with promitt hire  
she made a solcenne bolue,  
To doe what she commaundes,  
as handmaide of her best,  
Her maistres secrets hide she will,  
with: n her conuert best.



## The tragicall histori.

To Romeus she goes  
of him she doth desyre,  
To know the meane of marriage  
by counsell of the fryre.  
On Saturday quod he,  
if Juliet come to myght,  
She shal be shrined and married,  
how lyke you nooze this myght?  
Now by my truth (quod she)  
gods blessing haue your hart:  
For yet in all my life I haue  
not heard of such a part.  
Lord how you yongmen can  
such crafty wiles deuise,  
If that you loue the daughter well  
to bleare the mothers eyes.  
An easy thing it is,  
with cloke of holynes,  
To mocke the sely mother that  
suspecteth nothing lesse.  
But that it pleased you  
to tell me of the case,  
For all my many yerres perhaps,  
I should haue found it scarce.  
Now for the rest let me  
and Juliet alone:  
To get her leaue some feate excuse  
I will deuise anone.  
For that her golden lockes  
by sloth haue been vnkempt:  
Or for vnwares som wanton dreame  
the yonthfull damsell dzempt:  
Or for in thoughts of loue  
her ydel time she spent:  
Or other wise within her hart  
deserued to be spent.

I know

I know her mother will  
 in no case say her nay,  
 I warrant you she shall not sayle  
 to come on Saturday.  
 And then she swears to him,  
 the mother loues her well,  
 And how she gaue her sucke in youth  
 she leaueeth not to tell.  
 a pretty babe (quoth she)  
 it was when it was pong,  
 Lord how it could full pretely  
 haue prated with it tong.  
 A thousand times and moze  
 I laid her on my lappe,  
 And clapt her on the buttocke soft  
 and kiss where I did clappe.  
 And gladder then was I  
 of such a kisse so soft,  
 Then I had been to haue a kisse  
 of some olde lechers mouth.  
 And thus of Iuliet's youth  
 began this prating nooze,  
 And of her present state to make  
 a tedious long discoorse.  
 For though he pleasure took  
 in hearing of his loue,  
 The message answer seemed him  
 to be of moze behoue.  
 But when these Beladams sit  
 at ease vpon theyr sayle  
 The day and eke the candle light  
 before theyr talke shall sayle.  
 And part they say is true,  
 and part they do deuiſe,  
 Yet boldly do they that of both  
 when no man checks theyr lyes.  
 C.iii,      Then

## *The tragicall hystory.*

Then he. vi. crownes of gold  
out of his pocket drew:  
And gaue them her, a slight reward  
(quod he) and so adieu.  
In seuen yeres twise tolde  
she had not bowed so low,  
Her crooked knees, as now they bowe,  
she sweares she will bestow,  
Her crafty wit, her time,  
and all her busy payne,  
To help him to his boyed blisse,  
and colyng downe agayne  
She takes her leaue, and home  
she hys with speedy pace:  
The chaumber dooze she shuts, and then  
she saith with simpling face.  
Good newes for thee my gyde,  
good tidinges I thee bring:  
Leaue of thy woonted song of care  
and now of pleasure sing.  
For thou mayst hold thy selfe  
the happiest vnder sonne:  
That in so little while, so well  
so worthy a knight hast wonne.  
The best yshapce is he,  
and hath the fayrest face,  
Of all this towne, and there is none  
hath halfe so good a grace,  
So gentle of his speche,  
and of his counsell wise:  
And still with many prayes more  
He heaued him to the skies.  
Tell me els what (quod she)  
this euermore I thought:  
But of our marriage say at once,  
whad aunswere haue you brought?

Nay



Say soft quoth she, I feare  
 your hurt by sodayn loyng:  
 I list not play quoth Iuliet,  
 although thou list to toy.  
 How glad trow you was she,  
 when she had heard her say:  
 No farther of then Saturday,  
 differred was the day.  
 Agayne the ancient nurse  
 doth speake of Romeus,  
 And then (sayd she) he spake to me,  
 and then I spake him thus.  
 Nothing was done or sayd,  
 that she hath left vt tolde,  
 Save only one, that she forgot  
 the taking of the golde.  
 There is no losse quod she,  
 (swete wench) to losse of time:  
 For in thyne age shalt thou repent  
 so much of any crime.  
 For when I call to minde,  
 my former passed youth:  
 One thing there is which most of all  
 doth cause my endles ruth.  
 At sixtene yeares I first  
 dyd choose my louing feere:  
 And I was fully rype before,  
 (I dare well say) a yere.  
 The pleasure that I lost,  
 that yere so ouerpast:  
 A thousand times I haue bewept,  
 and shall while life doth last.  
 In sayth it were a shame,  
 yea linne it were ywis.  
 When thou mayst liue in happy toy  
 to set light by thy blisse.

*The tragicall hystory.*

She that this morning could  
her mistres mynde dissuade,  
Is now becomene an *Oratresse*,  
her lady to perswade.  
If any man be here  
whome love hath clad with care:  
To him I speake, if thou wilt speke,  
thy purse thou must not spare.  
Two sortes of men there are,  
sceld welcome in at doore:  
The welthy sparing niggard, and  
the sutoz that is pooze.  
For glittering gold is woont  
by kynde to mooue the hart:  
And often times a slight rewarde  
doth cause a moze desert.  
Whistten haue I red,  
I wot not in what booke:  
There is no better way to fishe,  
then with a golden hook.  
Of *Romeus* these two,  
doe sitte and chaffe while,  
And to thim selfe they laught, how they  
they mother shall begyle.  
A feate excuse they finde,  
but sure I know it not:  
And leaue for her to goe to *Whist*  
on Saturday she got.  
So well this *Juliet*,  
this wply wench old know  
Her mothers angry houres, and eke  
the true bent of her bowe.  
The Saturday bee times  
in sober werde yelad,  
Shee tooke her leane, and forth she went  
with visage graue and sad.

With

*of Romeus and Iuliet. Fo. 21*

With her the nurse is sent  
a bypde of her lust:  
With her the mother sendes a mayde,  
almost of equal trust.  
Betwixt her teeth the bytte,  
the Zenet now hath cought:  
So warely eke the byrgin walkes  
her mayde perceiue nought.  
She gaseth not in church,  
on yong men of the towne:  
Pe wandreth she from place to place,  
but straight she kneleth downe  
vpon an alters step,  
where she deuoutly prayes:  
And there vpon her tender knees  
the wepy lady stapes:  
Whilst she doth send her mayde  
the certain truth to know,  
If syer Lawrence layure had,  
to heare her Myght, or no.  
Out of his Myning place  
he comes with pleasant cheere:  
The Whast mayde with bathfull drow  
to himward draweth nere.  
Some greate offence (quoth he)  
you haue committed late:  
Perhaps you haue displeas'd your frend;  
by geuing him a mate.  
Then turning to the nurse,  
and to the other mayde:  
Goe heare a masse or two quoth he,  
which straight way shalbe sayde.  
For her confession heard,  
I will vnto you twayne  
The charge that I receiue of you,  
restore to you agayne.

That



## *The tragicall history.*

What, was not Juliet  
trow you right wel awayde:  
What for his trusty fryer hath chaunged  
her yong mistrusting mayde:  
I dare well say there is  
in all Verona none:  
But Romeo, with whom she would  
so gladly be alone.  
Thus to the fryers tell,  
they both softly walked bin:  
He shuts the doore as soone as he  
and Juliet were in.  
But Romeo her friend  
was entred in before:  
And there had wayted for his lone,  
two howers large and more.  
Eche minute seemde all howre,  
and enery howre a day:  
Twit hope he lined and despayre,  
of coming or of stay.  
Both wauncing hope and feare,  
are quite fled out of sight,  
For what he hopde he hath at hande  
his pleasant cheere delight.  
And ioyfull Juliet  
is bealde of all her smart:  
For now the rest of all her parts,  
haue found her straying hart.  
Both they: confession first  
the fryer hath heard them make:  
And then to her with lowder voyce  
thus fryer Lawrence spake.  
Fair lady Juliet  
my gossip boughter deere:  
As farre as I of Romeo learne  
who by you can dethe here:

Twit

of Romeus and Iuliet. Fo. 22

**T**wixt you it is agreed  
that you shalbe his wyfe:  
**A**nd he your spouse in steady truth  
till both shall end your life.  
**A**re you both fully bent  
to keepe this great behest?  
**A**nd both the louers said it was  
theyr onely harts request.  
**W**hen he did see thei myndes  
in linkes of loue so fast:  
**W**hen in the payse of wedlocks state  
somme skilfull talke was past,  
**W**hen he had told at length  
the wise what was her due:  
**H**is duety eke by godly talke  
the youthfull husband knew:  
**H**ow that the wise in loue  
must honoꝝ and obey:  
**W**hat loue and honoꝝ he both owe,  
and dette that he must pay,  
**T**hes wordes pronounced were  
which holy church of olde  
Appointed hath for marriage:  
and she a ring of golde  
**R**ecelued of Romeus:  
and then they both arose,  
**H**e whom the frier then said, perchance  
a part you will disclose  
**B**etwixt your selfe alone  
the bottoome of your hart:  
**S**ay on at once, for time it is  
that hence you should depart.  
**T**hen Romeus said to her  
(both loth to part so soone:)  
**F**ayre lady send to me agayne  
your nurse this after noone.

## The tragicall history.

Of corde I will bespeake,  
a ladder by that time:  
By which, this night, while other sleepe,  
I will your window clime.  
Then will we talke of loue,  
and of our olde dispayres:  
And then with longer lesure had,  
dispose our great affaires.  
These said, they kisse, and then  
part to thei; fathers house:  
The ioyfull hyde vnto her home,  
to his eke goth the sponse.  
Contented both, and yet  
both vncontented still:  
Till night and Venus child geue leaue  
the wedding to fulfill.  
The painfull souldiour soze  
pbet with lvery warre:  
The merchant eke that needfull things  
doth byed to fetch from farre:  
The plowman that soz deute  
of ferce innading foes,  
Rather to sit in ydle case  
then solve his tilt hath chose:  
Reioyce to heare proclaymd  
the rydings of the peace:  
Not pleasurd with the sound so much:  
but when the warres do cease.  
When ceased are the harmes  
which cruell warre byinges soozth,  
The merchant then may boldly fetch,  
his wares of p;ecious woozth.  
D;edelesse the husband man  
doth till his fertile feeld,  
For welth her mate, not for her selfe,  
is peace so p;ecious held.



*of Romens and Iuliet. Fo. 23*

So louers liue in care,  
in dread, and in distress:  
And dedly warre by strining thoughts  
they kepe within their brest.  
But wedlocke is the peace  
whereby is freedom wonne,  
To do a thousand pleasant things  
that should not els be donne.  
The newes of ended warre  
theye two haue hard with lope:  
But now they long the fruits of peace  
with pleasure to enioy.  
In stormy wind and wane,  
in daunger to be lost:  
Thy scarles ship (*O Romens*)  
hath been long while betost.  
The seas are now appeard,  
and thou by happy starre  
Art comme in sight of quiet haven:  
and now the wackfull barre  
Is bid with swelling tyde,  
boldly thou mayst resort  
Vnto thy wedded ladies bed,  
thy long desired port.  
God graunt no follies mist  
so dymme thy inward sight,  
That thou do miste the chanel, that  
doth leade to thy delight.  
God graunt no daungers rocke  
plucking in the darke  
Before thou win the happy port  
wacke thy sea beaten barke.  
A seruant Romens had,  
of woozd and deede so iust:  
That with his life (if neede required)  
his master would him trust,

*This*

## *The tragicall history.*

His fullnes had oft  
our Romeus proued of olde  
And therefore all that yet was done  
vnto his man he tolde  
Who straight as he was charged,  
a rozen ladder lookes:  
To which he hath made fast two strong  
and crooked yron hookes.  
The byrde to send the nurse  
at twilight sayleth not:  
To whom the bydegroome giuen hath,  
the ladder that he got.  
And then to watche for him  
appointeth her an howze:  
For whether Fortune smile on hym,  
or if she list to lolwe,  
He will not misse to come  
to his appointed place,  
Where he went he was to take by kelt  
the bles of Iulys face.  
How long these lovers thought  
the lasting of the day,  
Let other iudge that wooed are  
lyke passions to assay,  
For my part, I do gesse  
the howze seemes twentyere:  
So that I deeme if they might haue  
(as of Alcume we heare,  
The sunne bond to theyr will,  
if they the heauens might gyde:  
black shade of night and doubled darke  
should straight all ouer hyde.  
The appointed howze is come,  
he clad in riche aray,  
Walkes toward his desyred home,  
good Fortune gyde his way.

*of Romens and Iuliet. Fo.24*

Approchin nere the place  
from whence his hart had lyfe:  
So light he wor, he lept the wall,  
and there he spyde his wyfe.  
Who in the window watcht  
the cumming of her lozde:  
Where shee so surcly had made fast  
the ladder made of corde:  
That daungerles her spouse  
the chaumber window climes,  
Where he ere then had wist himselfe  
aboue ten thousand times  
The windowes close are shut,  
els looke they fo; no gest,  
To light the waken quarters,  
the auncient nurse is prest.  
Which Iuliet had before  
prepared to be light,  
That she at pleasure might beholds  
her husbands betwy bright.  
A Tarcher white as snow,  
ware Iuliet on her hed  
Such as she wonted was to weare,  
at tye meete fo; the bed.  
As soone as she him spyde,  
about his necke she clong:  
And by her long and slender armes  
a great while there she hong.  
A thousand tymes she kiss,  
and him vnkiss a gayne:  
He could she speake a woo; to him  
though would she nere so sayne.  
And like betwixt his armes  
to saynt his lady is:  
She fettes a sigh, and clappeth close  
her closed mouth to his.

And



## *The tragicall history.*

And ready then to sownde  
She looked ruthfully,  
That loe, it made him both at once  
to liue and eke to dye.  
These piteous painfull pangs  
were haply ouerpast:  
And she vnto her selfe agayne  
retoyned home at last.  
Then thzough her troubled brest,  
euen from the farthest part,  
An hollow sigh, a messenger  
she sendeth from her hart.  
O Romeus quoth she,  
in whom all vertues dwne:  
Welcome thou arte into this place  
where from these eyes of mine,  
Such teary streames dyd flowe,  
that I suppose wel ny  
The source of all my bitter teares  
is altogether dye.  
Absence so pynde my heart,  
which on thy ptesence fed:  
And of thy safety and thy health  
so much I stood in dzed.  
But now what is decreed  
by fatall destiny:  
I soze it not, let Fortune do  
and deth their woozt to me.  
Full recompens am I  
for all my passed harmes,  
In that the Gods haue granted me  
to claspe thee in myne armes.  
The chystall teares began  
to stande in Romeus eyes,  
When he vnto his ladies woozdes  
gan aunswere in this wise.

Though

of Romeo and Juliet Fo. 25

Though cruell Fortune be  
so much my deadly foe:  
That I ne can by liuely proof  
cause thee (sayre dame) to knowe  
How much I am by loue  
enthrall'd vnto thee:  
Be yet what mighty powre thou hast  
by thy desert on me,  
Be torments that for thee  
I did ere this endure:  
Yet of thus much (ne will I sayne)  
I may thee well assure:  
The least of many paines  
which of thy absens spring.  
More painfully then death it selfe  
my tender hart hath wrong,  
Ere this one death had rest  
a thousand deathes a way:  
But life prolonged was by hope,  
of this desired day.  
Which is iust tribute payes  
of all my passed mone:  
That I as well contented am,  
as yf my selfe alone  
Did from the Ocean reigne  
vnto the sea of Inde,  
Wherfore now let vs wipe away  
old cares out of our minde.  
For as the wretched state  
is now redrest at last,  
So is it still behinde our Dacke  
the cursed care to cast.  
Since fortune of her grace  
hath place and time affinde  
Where we with pleasure may content  
our vncontented minde.

## The tragicall histori.

In Lettes hyde we drepe  
all greefe and all annoy,  
Whilſt we do bath in bliſſ, and fill  
our hungry harts with ſoye,  
And ſoꝝ the time to come,  
let be our buſy care:  
So wiſely to direct our lone  
as no wight els beware.  
Leſt enuious ſoc by force  
deſpoile our new delight,  
And vs thꝛowe backe from happy ſtate  
to moꝛe vnhappy plight.  
Fayre Iuliet began  
to aunſwere what he ſayde:  
But ſooꝛth in haſt the olde nurce ſlept,  
and ſo her aunſwere ſayde.  
Who takes not time (quoth ſhe)  
when time well offered is,  
An other time ſhall ſeek ſoꝝ time,  
and yet of time ſhall miſſe.  
And when occaſion ſerues,  
who ſo doth let it ſlippe,  
Is woꝛthy ſure (if I might iudge)  
of lathes with a whippe.  
Wherefoꝛe, if eche of you  
hath harmed the other ſo,  
And eche of you hath been the cauſe  
of others wayled woe,  
Lee here a ſield, (ſhe ſhelwd  
a ſield bet ready dight)  
Till here you may, if you liſt, in armes,  
revenge your ſelfe by fight;  
Till certa theſe louners both  
gan eaſily aſcent,  
And to the place of mylde revenge  
with pleaſant cheere they went.  
Till here



of Romeus and Iuliet Fo. 26

Where they were left alone,  
the nurse is gone to rest:  
How can this be: they restless lye,  
ne yet they feele burrest.  
I graunt that I enuie  
the blisse they liued in:  
Oh that I might haue found the like,  
I wissh it for no sinne.  
But that I might as well  
with pen theyr loyes depaynt,  
As heretofore I haue displayd  
their secret hidden playnt.  
Of shinning care and dreed,  
I haue felt many a fit,  
But Fortune such delight as theyr  
did neuer graunt me yet.  
By prooffe no certayn truth  
can I unhappy write:  
But what I gesse by likelihod,  
that dare I to endite.  
The blisful goddesse that  
with frowning face both fraye,  
And from thei: seate the mighty kings  
throwes downe with hedlong sway:  
Begynneth now to turne,  
to these her smyling face,  
Fedes must they tast o' great delight,  
so much in Fortunes grace:  
If Cupid, God of loue,  
be God of pleasant sort,  
I thinke O Romeus Mars himselfe  
enuieth thy happy sort,  
As Venus iustly might,  
(as I suppose) repent,  
If in thy deade O Iuliet  
this pleasant time she spent.

D.ii.

Thus

## *The tragicall histori.*

This passe they sooth the night  
In sport, in toly game,  
The hastines of phoebus breeds  
in great despyte they blame.  
And now the virgins sozt  
hath warlike Romeus got,  
In which as yet no bzeache was made  
by force of canon shot.  
And now in ease he doth  
possesse the hoped place:  
How glad was he, speake you that may  
your louers partes embrace?  
The marriage thus made by,  
and both the parties please,  
The nighe appzeche of dayes retorne  
these seely soles diseaso.  
And soz they might no while  
in pleasure passe theyz time,  
He leysure had they much to blame  
the hasty mornings crime:  
With frendly kisse in armes  
of her his leaue he takes,  
And euerie other night to come,  
a solemne othe he makes.  
By one selfe meane, and the  
to come at one selfe howze,  
And so he doth till Fortune list  
to sawse his sweete with sorwe.  
But who is he that can  
his present state assure?  
And say vnto him self, thy ioyes  
shall yet a day endure.  
So wauering Fortunes wheele  
her chaunges be so straunge,  
And euerie wight ythzaled is  
by fate vnto her chaunge.

of Romeo and Juliet. Fo. 27

Who raignes so ouer all,  
that eche man hath his part:  
(Although not aye perchance alike),  
of pleasure and of smart.  
For after many ioyes,  
some feele but little payne:  
And from that little greefe they toozne  
to happy ioy againe.  
But other somme there are,  
that liuing long in wee.  
At length they be in quiet case,  
but long abide not so.  
Whose greefe is much increast  
by myght that went before:  
Because the sodayne chaunge of thinges  
doth make it seeme the more.  
Of this vnlucky sorte  
our Romeo is one  
For all his hap turnes to mishap,  
and all his myght to mone.  
And ioyfull Juliet  
an other lease must toozne:  
As wont she was (her ioyes bereft)  
she must begin to moorne.  
The summer of their blisse,  
doth last a month or twayne:  
But winters blast with speedy foote  
doth bying the fall agayne.  
Whom glorious fortune erst  
had heaued to the skies:  
By enuious fortune oerthrowne  
on earth now grouching lyes.  
She payd they former greefe  
with pleasures doubled gayne:  
But now for pleasures vsery  
ten fold redoubled payne.



## *The tragicall hystory.*

The prince could neuer cause  
those households so agree,  
But that some sparkes of their wrath  
as yet remaining bee.

N. Which lye this while raked vp,  
in ashes pale and det,  
Till tyme do serue that they agayne  
in wasting flame may spzed.  
At holic times men say  
most heynous crimes are donne,  
The morowe after Easter day  
the mischief new begonne.  
A band of Capilets  
did meeete (my hart it rewees)  
Within the walles by Purcers gate,  
a band of montage wes:  
The Capilets as cheefe,  
a pongman haue chose out:  
Best exercisid in seates of armes,  
and noblest of the rowt:  
Our Juliets vnlikes sonne  
that clipped was Titalt,  
He was of body tall and strong,  
and of his courage halt.  
They neede no trumpet sounde  
to byd them geue the charge,  
So lowde he cryde with strained voice  
and mouth out stretched large.  
Now, now, (quod he) my frendes,  
our selte so let vs wzake,  
That of this dayes reuenge, and vs,  
our childrens heyres may speake.  
Now once for all let vs  
there swelling pride all wege,  
Let none of them escape alive,  
then he with furious rage

End

And they with him gaue charge,  
 vpon theyr present foes,  
 And then forthwith a skirmishe great  
 vpon this fray arose.  
 For loe, the Montague  
 thought shame away to flye,  
 And rat her then to liue with shame,  
 with payse did choose to dye.  
 The woordes that Tibalt vsd  
 to speere his folke to ye,  
 Haue in the breſtes of Montague  
 kindled a furious fyre.  
 With Lyons hartes they fight,  
 warcly themſelfe defende:  
 To wound his foe, his present wit  
 and force eche on: both bend.  
 This furious fray is long,  
 on eche ſide ſtoutly fought,  
 That whether part had got the woo; &  
 full doutfull were the thought.  
 The noyſe here of anon,  
 throughout the towne both ſpye:  
 And partes are taken on euey ſide,  
 both kinreds toether hie.  
 Here one doth gaspe for breath,  
 his friend beſtrideth him,  
 And he bath loſt a hand, and he  
 another mayned lim.  
 His leg is cutte whilſt he  
 ſtrikes at an other full:  
 And who he would haue thruſt quite  
 hath cleſt his cracked ſhull. (throug  
 Their balliant hartes forbode  
 theyr .note to geue the grounde,  
 With bnappauld cheere they cooke  
 full deepe and doutfull wound.

D.iii.

Thus

## *The tragicall hystory.*

Thus scote by foote long while,  
and shield to shield set fast:  
One foe doth make another saynt  
but makes him not agast.  
And whilst this noyse is ryse  
in euery towne mans care,  
Eke walking with his frendes, the noyse  
doth wofull Romeus heare:  
With speedy foote her onnes  
vnto the fray apace:  
With him those felwe that were with him  
he leaueh to the place.  
They pittie muche to see  
the slaughter made so greate:  
That wist shod they might stand in blood  
on eyther side the streete.  
Part frendes (sayd he) part frendes,  
helpe frendes to part the fray:  
And to the rest, enough (he cryes)  
now tyme it is to scape.  
Gode farther wraath you styre,  
beside the hurt you feele:  
And with this new bypore confounde  
all this our common wele.  
But they so busy are  
in sight so eger and scarce,  
That through theyr eares his sage aduise  
no leysure had to pearce.  
Then kept he in the throng,  
to part, and bare the blowes,  
As well of those that were his frendes,  
as of his bedly foes.  
As soone as Tybalt had  
our Romeus espyde:  
He thus we a thrust at him that would  
haue pass from side to side:

But



of Romeus and Iuliet. Fo.29

But Romeus ever went  
(douting his foes) well armed,  
So that the sword kept out by maples  
hath nothing Romeus harmde.  
Thou dost me wrong (quoth he)  
for I but part the fraye,  
Not dread, but other waighety cause  
my hasty hand doth stay.  
Thou art the cheefe of thine,  
the noblest eke thou art:  
Wherfore leaue of thy malice now,  
and helpe these folke to parte.  
Many are hurt, some slayne,  
and some are like to dye,  
So, coward trayto: boy (qu he)  
straight way I mynd to trye  
Whether they sugred talke,  
and tong so smoothly sylde:  
Against the force of this my sword  
shall serue thee for a shylde.  
And then at Romeus hed  
a blow he strake so hard,  
That might haue cloue him to the byayne  
but for his cunning ward.  
It was but lent to him  
that could repay agayne:  
And geue him death for interest,  
a well forborne gayne.  
Right as a forest boze,  
that lodged in the thicke,  
Winched with dog, or els with speare  
pricked to the quicke:  
His breeches stiffe by right  
vpon his backe doth set,  
And in his stompy mouth, his tharp  
and crooked tuskes both whet

## The tragicall history.

As a Lyon wyld  
that rampeth in his rage,  
His whelpes bereft, whose fury can  
no weaker beast allwage:  
Such seemed Romens,  
in euery others sight:  
When he him shote, of wyong receand  
tauenge him selfe by sight.  
Euen as two thunderboltes,  
throwne downe out of the skye,  
That throught the ayre the massy earth  
and seas haue power to flye:  
So met these two, and while  
the chaunge a blotte or twaine,  
Our Romens thrust him throught the throte  
and so is Tybalt slayne.  
Loe here the ende of those  
that styre a dedly stryfe:  
Who thysteth after others death,  
himselfe hath lost his life.  
The Capilets are quayde,  
by Tybals ouerthrowe:  
The courage of the Mountageswes,  
by Romens sight doth growe.  
The toynes men warden strong,  
the prince doth send his force:  
The fray hath end, the Capilets  
do bring the bachelers coze,  
Before the prince: and craue,  
that cruell dedly payne  
may be the guerdon of his salt,  
that hath their kinsman slaine.  
The Montageswes do plede,  
they? Romens boyde of salt:  
The lookers on do say, the sight  
begonne was by Tybalt.

The

*of Romeus and Iuliet. Fo. 30*

The prince doth pause, and then  
gives sentence in a while,  
That Romeus, for sleeping him  
should go into exyle.  
His foes would haue him hangde,  
or setue in prison strong:  
His frendes do think (but dare not say)  
that Romeus hath wrong.  
Both households straight are charged  
on payne of losing lyfe,  
They: bloudy weapons layd aside,  
to cease the spredde dysse.  
This common plague is spred,  
through all the towne anon,  
From side to syde the towne is filld  
with marmour and with mone.  
For Tibalts hasty death,  
betwayled was of somme,  
Both for his skill in seates of armes,  
and for in tyme to come,  
He should (had this not chanced) haue  
been riche, and of great powre,  
To help his frendes, and serue the state,  
which hope within an houre  
Was wasted quite, and he  
thus yelcing by his breath,  
More then he helpe the towne in lffe,  
hath harind it by his death.  
And other somme be wayle,  
(but ladies most of all)  
The lookes lot by Fortunes gyle,  
that is so late befall,  
(Without his fault,) vnto  
the seely Romeus,  
For whilst that he from nat. se land  
shall lue cryed thus,

From



## *The tragicall history.*

From heauenly beottes light,  
and his wellshaped partes:  
The sight of which, was wot (saire dames)  
to glad your youthfull harts  
Shall you be banished quite:  
and till he do retoorne  
What hope haue you to loy?  
what hope to cease to moorne?  
This Romeus was bozne  
so much in beauens grace  
Of Fortune, and of nature so  
beloued, that in his face  
(Beside the heauenly bew-  
ty glistering ay so bright:  
And seemely grace, that wonted so  
to glad the seers sight)  
A certain charme was graued  
by natures secret arte:  
That vertue had to draw to it,  
the loue of many a hart.  
So enery one doth wish,  
to heare a part of payne:  
That he released of cuple,  
might straight retoorne agayne.  
But how doth moorne among  
the mozners Juliet?  
How doth she bathe her brest in teares:  
what depe sighes doth she set?  
How doth she tear her brace:  
her weede how doth she rent?  
How fares the louer bearing of  
her louers banishment?  
How wayles she Tibals death,  
whom she had loured so well:  
Her hearty greefe and piteous plaint,  
cunning I want to tell

of Romeus and Iuliet. Fo. 31

For delving deeply now  
In depth of deepe dispaire,  
With wretched sorrowes cruell sound  
He fills the empty ayre.  
And to the lowest hell,  
Downe fallles her heauy crye,  
And by vnto the heauens haight  
her piteous plaint doth flye.  
The waters and the woods,  
of sighes and sobs resounde,  
And from the hard resounding rockes  
her sorrowes do rebounde.  
Like from her teary eyne,  
downe rapt in many a showre,  
That in y garden where she walkt  
might water beere and flowre.  
But when at length he saw  
her selfe outraged so,  
Vnto her chaumber straight he hied  
there overcharged with wo:  
Vpon her stately bed,  
her painfull parts he threw,  
And in so mondyous wise began  
her sorrowes to renewe,  
That sure no hart so hard,  
(but it of flint had byn,  
But would haue rude the piteous plaint  
that she did languishe in.  
Then rapt out of her selfe,  
whilst she on eury side  
Did cast her restless eye, at length  
the window she espide,  
Through which she had with ioy  
scene Romeus many a time,  
Which oft y ventrous knight was wont  
For Iuliers sake to clime.

She

## The tragicall history.

Shee crye Cursed windowe,  
acurst be euery pane,  
Through which (alas) to one I raught  
the cause of life and bane.  
If by thy meane I haue  
some sight of light receaued,  
Or els such fading pleasure as  
by Fortune straight was reared:  
Hast thou not made me pay  
a tribute rigorous?  
Of heaped griefe, and lasting care:  
and sorowes dolorous?  
That these my tender partes,  
which needfull streng:h do lack,  
To beare so great vnwey load:  
vpon so weake a backe:  
Opprest with waight of cares  
and with these sorowes rise:  
At length must open wide to death,  
the gates of lothed lyfe.  
That so my wery spite,  
may soune where els vnlode  
His deadly load, and free from thall  
may seek where abzode:  
For pleasant quiet ease,  
and for assured rest,  
Which I as yet could neuer finde,  
but for my moze vnrest.  
O Romeus, when first  
we both acquainted were,  
When to thy paynted promises  
I lent my listning eare:  
Which to the bynkes porfild  
with manie a solemne othe,  
And I them iudged empty of gyle,  
and scaught full of troth:

I thought:



of Romeus and Iuliet. Fe. 32

I thought you rather would  
continue our good will,  
And seeke tuppelc our fathers strif  
which daily groweth ill.  
I little wend you would  
haue sought occasion howe  
By such an heynous act to breake  
the peace, and eke your vowe  
Wherby your bright renoune,  
all whole yllipse is,  
And I vnhappy husbandles,  
of comfort robbed, and blis,  
But if you did so much  
the blood of Capels thys,  
Why haue you often spared mine?  
myne might haue quencht it first;  
Since that so many times,  
and in so secret place  
Where you were wont with beles of lous  
to hide your hatreds face)  
By doubtfull lyfe hath bapt  
by fatall dome to stand,  
In mercy of your cruell hart,  
and of your bloody hand.  
What seemd the conquest which  
you got of me, so small:  
What seemd it not enough that I  
poore wretch, was made your th;all:  
But that you must increase  
it with that kinsmans blood,  
Which for his woozth and lous to me  
most in my fauour stood:  
Tell go hencefoorth els where,  
and seeke another while,  
Some other as vnhappy as I,  
by flattery to begyle.

And

## *The tragicall history.*

And where I come, see that  
you shonne to shew your face:  
For your excuse within my hart  
shall find no resting place,  
And I that now too late  
my former fault repent:  
Will so the rest of wery life  
with many teares lament:  
That soone my specles corpes,  
shall yeld by banishd bycath,  
And where on earth it restles lieth,  
in earth seeke rest by death.  
These sayde, her tender hart,  
by paine oppressed soze:  
Kestraynd her teares, and forced her tong  
to keepe her talke in Roze.  
And then as still she was,  
as if in sound she lay:  
And then agayne, wroth with her selfe,  
with feble hope gan say,  
Ab cruell murdering tong,  
murth'er of others fame:  
How durst thou once attempt to touch  
the honoz of his name?  
Whose dedly foes doe yelde  
him dethe and yarned prayse:  
For though his freedom be bereft,  
his honoz not decays.  
Why blamst thou Romeus  
for sleping of Tybalt,  
Since he is guiltles quite of all,  
and Tybalt beares the fault:  
Whether shall he (alas)  
poore banishd man now flye:  
What place of surcoz shall he seeke  
beneath the starry skye?

Spence

Since she pursueth him  
 and him defames by wrong:  
 That in distress should bee his fort,  
 and onelic rampier strong.  
 Recue the recompence,  
 O Romeus of thi wife:  
 Who for she was unkind her selfe,  
 doth offer by her life.  
 In flames of fire, in sighes,  
 in sorrowe and in ruth:  
 So to reueng the crime she did  
 commit against thi truth.  
 These said, she could no moze,  
 her senses all gan fayle:  
 And deadly panges began straight way  
 her tender hart assayle.  
 Her limmes she stretched forth,  
 she drew no moze her breath,  
 who had been there, might well haue seen  
 the signes of present death,  
 The nurse that knew no cause,  
 why she absented her,  
 Did dout lest that some sodain greets  
 too much tormented her.  
 Eche where but where she was  
 the carefull Weldaun sought,  
 Last, of the chamber where she lay,  
 she harly her betought:  
 Where she with pitcous eye,  
 her nurse childe did beholde:  
 Her limmes stretched out her vtward  
 as any marble colde. (partes  
 The nurse supposde that she  
 had payde to death her det:  
 And then as she had lost her wittes,  
 she cryed to Iuliet.



## The tragicall histori.

¶ In my dere hart (quoth she)  
how greeueth me thy death:  
Alas what cause hast thou thus soone,  
to yeelde by liuing breath?  
But while she handled her,  
and chafed euery part,  
She knew there was some sparke of life  
by beating of her hart.  
So that a thousand times  
she cald vpon her name:  
There is no way to help a traunce,  
but she hath tryde the same.  
She openeth wide her mouth,  
she stoppeth close her nose,  
She bendeth downe her brest, she wrings  
her fingers and her toes.  
And on her bosome colde,  
she layeth clothes hot,  
¶ warmed and a hol some iuyce  
she powreth downe her throte.  
At length doth fall set,  
heauē sayntly vpon her eyes,  
And then she stretcheth forth her arme  
and then her nurse she spies.  
But when she was awakde  
from her vnkindly traunce:  
¶ Why dost thou trouble me (quoth she)  
what drave thee (with mischaunce)  
To come to see my spzite,  
forsake my brethren toxe?  
Go hence, and let me dye, if thou  
haue on my smart remorse.  
For who would see her friend  
to lye in deedly payne?  
Alas, I see my greefe begoone,  
so, euer will remayne.

O: who would seeke to liue,  
 all pleasure being past:  
 My myght is donne, my mourning mone  
 for ay is like to last.  
 Wherefore since that there is  
 none other remedy,  
 Comme gentle death, and ryue my hart,  
 at once, and let me dye.  
 The nurse with triking teares,  
 to twines inward smart,  
 With holow sygh fetchd from the depth,  
 of her appauled hart:  
 Thus spake to Iuliet,  
 yclad with ougly care,  
 Good lady myne, I do not know  
 what makes you thus to fare:  
 Be yet the cause of your  
 vnmeasurde heauines:  
 But of this one I you assure  
 for care and sorowes streffe,  
 This booke large and moze,  
 I thought (so god me saue)  
 That my dead corps should wayte on  
 to your vntimely graue. (yours)  
 Alas my tender nurse  
 and trusty frend (quoth she)  
 Art thou so blinde, that with thine eye,  
 thou canst not easly see  
 The lawfull cause I haue,  
 to sorow and to moorne,  
 Since those the which I held most deere  
 I haue at once sorlozned:  
 Her nurse then answered thus  
 He thinkes it fits you yll,  
 To fall in these extremities  
 that may you gyttles spill,  
 E.ii. 30

## *The tragicall histori.*

For when the stormes of care,  
and troubles do arise,  
Then is the time for men to know,  
the foolish from the wise.  
You are accounted wise,  
a foole am I your nurse:  
But I see not howe in like case  
I could behaue me worse.  
What your friend is dead,  
what weene you by your teares  
To call him backe agayne: think you  
that he your crying heares?  
You shall perceue the salt,  
(if it be iustly tryde)  
Of his so sodain Leath, was in  
his rashnes and his pride.  
Would you that Romeus,  
him selfe had wronged so,  
To suffer himselfe causeles to be  
outraged of his foe?  
To whom in no respect,  
he ought a place to geue:  
Let it suffice to thee saye same,  
that Romeus doth liue.  
And that there is good hope  
that he within a while,  
With greater glory shalbe calde  
home from his hard exile.  
How wel pbozne he is,  
thy selfe I know canst tell:  
By kindred strong, and well ayded,  
of all beloued well.  
With patience arme thy selfe.  
for though that Fortune crime  
Without your salt, to both your griefes  
depart you so, a time,

I dare



I dare say for amendes  
 of all your present payne  
 He will restore your owne to you,  
 within a month or twayne,  
 With such contented ease,  
 as neuer erst you had:  
 Wherfore reioyce a while in hope,  
 and be no more so sad.  
 And that I may discharge  
 your hart of heauy care:  
 A certaine way I haue found out,  
 my paynes he will spare.  
 To learne his present state,  
 and what in tyme to comme  
 He minded to doe, which knownt by me,  
 you shall know all and somme.  
 But that I breed the whilst  
 your sorowes will you quell,  
 Straight would I be where he doth lurk  
 to frier Laurence cell.  
 But if you gyn est sones  
 (as erst you did) to moorne  
 Wher to goe I, you will be ded  
 before I thence retoo:ne.  
 So I shall spend in wast,  
 my tyme, and busy payne,  
 So vnto you (your life once lost)  
 good answer commes in vayne.  
 So shall I ridde my selfe  
 with this sharpe pointed knife:  
 So shall you cause your parents deere  
 lwar wery of theyr life.  
 So shall your Romeus,  
 (despying liuely breath,) There  
 With hasty foote (before his tyme)  
 runne to vntimely death.

## The tragicall hystory.

Where if you can a while  
by reason, rage suppress  
I hope at my reioyne to bring  
the salue of your distresse.  
Now choose to haue me here  
a partner of your payne,  
O promise me, to feede on hope,  
till I reioyne agayne.  
Her mistres sendes her sooth,  
and makes a graue behest,  
With reasons rayne to rule the thoughts  
that rage within her best.  
When busy beapes of harmes,  
are brapt befoze her eyes,  
Then banish they by hope of scape,  
and thus the lady lyes,  
Twice well assured trust,  
and doubtfull lewd dispayre,  
Now blacke and ougly be her thoughts:  
now seeme they white and fayre.  
As oft in summer tide,  
blacke cloudes do dimme the sonne,  
And straight againe in clearest skye  
his restles needes do runne,  
So Iulietts wandring mynd  
yclouded is with woe,  
And by and by her hasty thought  
the woes doth ouergoe.  
But now is time to tell  
whilst she was tossed thus  
What windes did blowe or haue did hold  
her loue, Romeus.  
When he had slayne his foe,  
that gan this deadly strife,  
And saw the furious fray had ende,  
by cutting Tybalts lyfe:

He fled the sharpe reuenge  
 of those that yet did liue,  
 And douting much what penall doome  
 the troubled prince myght gyue,  
 He sought some where vnseene,  
 to lurke a little space,  
 And trusty Lawrence secret cell,  
 he thought the surest place.  
 In doutfull happe at best,  
 a trusty friende is tried,  
 The frendly freer in his distresse,  
 doth graunt his frende to hyde.  
 A secret place he hath,  
 well seled round about,  
 The mouth of which, so close is shut,  
 that none may finde it out:  
 Both roome there is to walke,  
 and place to sitte and rest,  
 Beside, a bed to sleape vpon,  
 full soft and trimly drest.  
 The floure is planked so  
 with mattes, it is so warme,  
 That neither wind, nor smoky damps  
 haue powre him ought to harme.  
 There he was wont in youth,  
 his sayre frendes to bestowe  
 There now he bydeth Romeus  
 whilst forth he goeth to knowe  
 Both what is sayd and donne,  
 and what appoynted payne,  
 Is published by trumpets soun,  
 then home he hies agayne.  
 By this, vnto his cell,  
 the nurse with speedy pace:  
 As cometh the nerest way: she sought  
 no ydel resting place.



*The tragicall hystory.*

The fryer sent home the newes  
of Romcus certaine helth:  
And promesse made (what so befell  
he should that night by stealth  
Comme to his wonted place  
that they in needefull wise  
Of their affayres in time to come,  
might thozowly deuyse.  
Those topfull newes, the nurse  
brought home with mery ioy:  
And now our Juliet ioyes, to thinke  
she shall her loue enioye.  
The fryer shuts fast his doore  
and then to him beneth,  
That waytes to heare þ doubtfull newes  
of lyfe or els of death:  
Thy hap quoth he is good,  
daunger of death is none:  
But thou shalt liue, and doe full well,  
in spite of spitesfull fone.  
This onely payne of thee  
was erst proclaymde aloude  
A banishd man, thou mayst thee not  
within Tlerona shroude.  
These heauytydings heard,  
his golden lockes he tare:  
And like a frantike man hath toznd  
the garmentes that he ware  
And as the smitten dreere,  
in brakes is waltring sound:  
So waltereth he, and with his brest  
doth beate the troden ground.  
He riseth oft, and strikes  
his hed against the wals,  
He falleth downe againe, and lowde  
for basty death he cal.

Come

*of Romeus and Iuliet. Fo. 37*

Come speedy death (quoth he)  
the readiest leache in loue,  
Since nought can els beneath the sunne  
the ground of griefe remoue,  
Of lothsome life breake downe  
the hated staggering stepes,  
Destroy, destroy at once the lyfe  
that faintly yet decays.  
But you (faire dame) in whome  
daine nature dyd deuiſe,  
With cunning hand to worke, y<sup>e</sup> might  
ſeeme wondrous in our eyes:  
For you I pray the Gods,  
your pleasures to increaſe,  
And all miſhap, with this my death,  
for enermore to ceaſe.  
And mighty Ioue with ſpeede,  
of iuſtice bring them low,  
Whoſe lofty pye (without our gyle)  
our bliſſe doth overblowe.  
And Cupide graunt to thoſe  
they<sup>e</sup> ſpeedy wrongs redreſſe,  
That ſhall bewaile my cruell death,  
and pity her diſtreſſe.  
Therewith, a cloude of ſighes,  
be breathd into the ſkies,  
And two great ſreames of bitter teares,  
ran from his ſwollen eyes.  
Theſe thinges, the auncient frye,  
with ſorrow ſaw, and heard:  
Of ſuch beginning eke, the ende,  
the wiſe man greatly feard.  
But loe, he was ſo weake,  
by reaſon of his age,  
That he ne could by force, repreſſe  
the rigour of his rage.

*The tragicall history.*

His wife and frendly woozdes,  
he speaketh to the ayre:  
For Romeus so bered is,  
with care and with dismaye,  
That no aduise can perce,  
his close forstopp'd eares:  
So now the fryer doth take his part,  
in shedding ruthfull teares.  
With colour pale, and wan,  
with armes full hard pfold,  
With wofull cheere, his wayling friend,  
he standeth to beholde.  
And then, our Romeus  
with tender handes ywzong:  
With voyce, with plaint made voyce w  
and with a soltring tong, (sobbs,  
Renewd with nouel mone  
the dolours of his hart:  
His outward drecry cheere bewzayde,  
his stoze of inward smart.  
First, nature did he blame,  
the authoz of his lyfe,  
In which his loyes had been so scant,  
and sozowes ay so ryfe:  
The tyme and place of byrth  
he fierfly did repzoue,  
He cryed out (with open mouth)  
against the starres about:  
The fatall sisters thzee,  
he said, had done him wzong,  
The threed y should not haue been sponne  
they had dzawne soozth too long.  
He wished that he had  
befoze this time bern bozne,  
O; that as soone as he wan light,  
his life he had sozlozne.



of Romeus and Iuliet. Fo. 38

His nurse he cursed, and  
the hand that gaue him pappe,  
The midwife eke with tender gripe  
that held him in her lappe:  
And then did he complaine,  
on Venus cruell sonne  
Who led him first vnto the rocks,  
which he should warely shonne:  
By meane wherof he lost,  
both lyfe and libertie,  
And dyed a hundred tymes a day,  
and yet could neuer dye.  
Loues troubles lasten long,  
the loyes he geues are short:  
He force th not a louers payne,  
theyr earnest is his sport.  
A thousand thinges and moze,  
I here let passe to write,  
Which vnto loue this wofull man,  
dyd speake in great despite.  
On Fortune eke he rayde,  
he cald her deafe, and blynde,  
Vnconstant, fond, deceitfull, rашe,  
vntruthfull, and vnkynd.  
And to him selfe he layd  
a great part of the fault:  
For that he slewe, and was not slayne,  
in fight:ng with Tybalt.  
He blamed all the world,  
and all he did desyre  
But Iuliet, for whom he liued,  
for whom eke would he dye:  
When after raging fits,  
appeased was his rage,  
And when his passions (poised forth)  
gan partly to asswage,

## *The tragicall history.*

So wisely did the fryer,  
vnto his tale replyr,  
That he straight cared for his life,  
that erst had care to dye.  
Art thou quoth he a man?  
Thy shape saith so thou art:  
Thy crying and thy weeping eyes,  
denote a womans hart.  
For manly reason is  
quite from thy mynd outchased,  
And in her stead affections lewd,  
and fancies highly placed.  
So that, I stood in doubt  
this howre (at the least)  
If thou a man, or woman wert,  
or els a brutish beast.  
A wise man in the midst  
of troubles and distress,  
Still standes not wayling present harme,  
but seekes his harmes redyes,  
As when the winter flawes,  
with dyedfull noyse arise,  
And hence the sump swelling waues  
vp to the Harry skies,  
So that the boosd barke  
in cruell seas be tost,  
Dispayreth of the happy hauen  
in daunger to bee lost,  
The pylate bold at helme,  
crys, mates strike now your sayle:  
And toynes her stemme into the waues,  
that strongly her assaile.  
The driven hard vpon  
the bare and wackfull shore,  
In greater daunger to be wact,  
then he had been before,

of Romeus and Iuliet. Fe. 39

He set his ship full right  
against the rocke to ronne,  
But yet he dorh what lyeth in him  
the perillous rocke to shonne.  
Sometimes the beaten boate,  
by cunning gouernment,  
The ancores lost, the cables broke,  
and all the tackle spent,  
The roder smitten of,  
and ouer boord the mast,  
Dorh win the long despyred port,  
the stormy daunger past.  
But if the maister dreads,  
and ouerprest with wor,  
Begin to wyning his handes, and lets  
the gyding rodder gor,  
The ship rents on the rocke,  
or sinketh in the deepe,  
And eke the colward drenched is:  
So if thou still beweepe  
And seke not how to helpe  
the chaunces that do chaunce,  
Thy cause of sorrow shal increase,  
thou cause of thy mischaunce.  
Other account thee wise,  
proue not thy selfe a foole,  
Now put in practise lessons learned,  
of old in wisdomes scoole.  
The wise man saith, be ware  
thou double not thy payne:  
For one perhaps thou mayst abyde,  
but hardly suffer twayne.  
As well we ought to seeke  
thinges hurtfull to decrease,  
As to endeuo; helping thinges  
by study to increase.

The



## *The tragicall history.*

The prayse of true freedom,  
In wisdomes bondage lyes  
He winneth blame whose deedes be soðe,  
al though his wooꝝdes be wise.  
Sicknes the bodie galle:  
greefe, gayle is of the mind,  
If thou canst scape from heauy greefe,  
trew freidome shalt thou finde.  
Fortune can fill nothing,  
so full of hearty greefe,  
But in the same a constant mynd,  
finds solace and releefe.  
Vertue is alwayes thꝛall,  
to troubles and annoye,  
But wisdom in aduersitie,  
findes cause of quiet ioy.  
And they most wretched are,  
that know no wretchednes:  
And after great extremity,  
mishaps ay waken lesse.  
Like as there is no weale,  
but wastes away sometime,  
So euery kind of wayled woe,  
will weare away in time.  
If thou wilt maister quite,  
the trobles that the spill,  
Endeuoꝝ first by reasons help,  
to maister wities will.  
A sondꝝ medson hath,  
eche sondꝝ faint disease.  
But patience, a common salve,  
to euery wound geues ease.  
The world is alway full  
of chaunges and of chaunge,  
Therefore the chaunge of chaunce must not  
seeme to a wise man straunge.

of Romeus and Iuliet. Fo.40

For trickel Fortune doth,  
In chaunging but her kind:  
But all her chaunges cannot chaunge,  
A steady constant minde.  
Though wauering Fortune toozne  
from thee her simpling face,  
And sorow seeke to set him selfe,  
in banishd pleasures place,  
Yet may thy marred state  
be mended in a while,  
And the cistones that frowne the now,  
wit a pleasant cheere shall smile.  
For as her happy state,  
no long whyle standeth sure,  
Euen so the heauy plight she brings  
not alwayes toth endure.  
What neede so many woozdes,  
to thee that art so wyle?  
Thou better canst aduise thy selfe,  
then I can thee aduise.  
Wisdome I see is vayne,  
if thus in time of neede,  
A wise mans wit vnpractised,  
doth stand him in no neede.  
I know thou hast some cause,  
of sorow and of care:  
But well I wot thou hast no cause  
thus frontlike to face.  
Affections fogg mist  
thy feeble sight doth blinde,  
But if that reasons beames agayne,  
might shine into thy mynde:  
If thou wouldest view thy state  
with an indifferent eye,  
I thinke thou wouldest reuolue thy plaint  
thy sighing and thy crye.

and

## *The tragicall history.*

**W**ith baliant hand thou madest  
thy foe yeld by his b2eth,  
**T**hou hast escapd his sword, and eke  
the lawes that th2etten death.  
**B**y thy escape, thy frendes,  
are fraugted full of ioy,  
**A**nd by his death thy deadly foes  
are laden with annoy.  
**W**ilt thou with trusty frendes,  
of pleasure take some part:  
**O**2 eis to please thy hatefull foes,  
be partner of their smart?  
**W**hy criest thou out on lone,  
Inhy doest thou blame thy fate?  
**W**hy dost thou so c2epe after death?  
thy life why dost thou hate?  
**D**ost thou rep2nt the choyse.  
that thou so late didst choose?  
**L**oue is the Lord, thou oughtest obay:  
and not thy prince accuse.  
**F**or thou hast found (thou knowst)  
great fayour in his sight:  
**H**e graunted thee at thy request,  
thy only hartes delight.  
**S**o that the Gods enuyde  
the blisse thou liuedst in,  
**T**o geue to such vnthankfull men,  
is folly and a sin.  
**W**e thinke 3 heare thee say  
the cruell banishment,  
**I**s onely cause of thy vnrest,  
onely thou dost lament,  
**T**hat from thy natif land,  
and frendes thou must depart,  
**E**nforced to f2e from her that hath  
the keeping of thy hart.

**And**



And so oppress with might  
 of smart that thou dost feel,  
 Thou dost complaine of Cupides darts,  
 and fortunes turning wheele.  
 Unto a balliant hart,  
 there is no banishment,  
 All countreys are his native soyle  
 beneath the firmament.  
 As to the like, the sea:  
 as to the folke, the ayre:  
 So is like pleasant to the wise,  
 the place of his repaire.  
 Though froware fortune chaunge  
 thee hence into exile:  
 With doubled hono<sup>r</sup> shall the cause  
 thee home within a while.  
 Admyt thou shouldst abyde  
 abyde a pere of twayne:  
 Should so short absence cause so long,  
 and eke so greuous payne?  
 Though thou ne mayst thy frendes  
 here in Verona see,  
 They are not banishd Mantua,  
 where safely thou shalt be.  
 Whether they may resort,  
 though thou resort not hether.  
 And there so secret may you talke  
 of your affayres together.  
 Yea, but this while (alas)  
 thy Iuliet must thou misse,  
 The onely piller of thy belch,  
 and alic<sup>o</sup> of thy blisse.  
 Thy hart thou leavest with her,  
 when thou dost hence depart:  
 And in thy best inclosed heart,  
 her tender friendly hart.

## The tragical history

But if thou reioice so much,  
to leave the rest behind,  
With thought of passed loves, content  
thy discontented minde.  
So shall the more decrease,  
wherewith thy mynd both melt,  
Compared to the heavenly loves  
which thou hast often felt,  
He is too nyle a weakling,  
that shrinketh at a blow,  
And be unworthy of the sweet,  
that tasteth not the sow.  
Call now agayne to nylde,  
thy first consuming flame,  
How didst thou vainly burne in love  
of an unloving dame.  
Hadst thou not welnigh wept,  
quite out thy swelling eye:  
Didst thou thy partes so; doon with payne,  
languishe away and pync:  
Those greeces and others like,  
were happily ouerpast:  
And thou in haught of Fortunes wheels,  
well placed at the last:  
From whence thou art now faine,  
that rayed by agayne,  
With greater joy a greater while  
in pleasure mayst thou raygne.  
Compare the present while,  
with times ypast before,  
And thinke that Fortune hath so; thee,  
great pleasure yet in store.  
The while, this little wayng,  
receiue thou patiently,  
And what of force inust needs be done,  
that doe thou willingly.

Foly it is to feare  
 that thou canst not auoyde  
 And madnes to desire it much,  
 that cannot be enioyde.  
 To geue to Fortune place,  
 not ay discerneth blame:  
 But sayll it is according to  
 the times, thy selfe to frame.  
 Willst to his skilfull loze,  
 he lent his listning eares:  
 His sighes are stoppt, and stoppt are  
 the conduits of his teares.  
 As blackest cloudes are chased,  
 by winters nimble winde:  
 So haue his seasons chased care,  
 out of his carefull mynde.  
 As of a moorning sowle,  
 ensues an evening sayre:  
 So banisht hope returneth home,  
 to banish his dispayre.  
 Now is affections beale,  
 remoued from his eyes.  
 He seeth the path that he must walke,  
 and reason makes him wise,  
 For very shame, the blood  
 both flashe in both his cheekes:  
 He thankes the father for his loze,  
 and farther ayde he seekes,  
 He sayth that skilles pouer,  
 for counsell is vnfitte,  
 And anger oft with hastines  
 are found to want of wytte:  
 But sound aduise abounds  
 in heades with holthe beates:  
 For wisdome is by practise wonne,  
 and perfect made by yeares.



## The tragicall histori

But aye from this tyme forth,  
his ready bendynge will:  
Shalbe in awhand governed,  
by myer Lawrence skill.  
The gouernoz is now,  
right carefull of his charge:  
To whom he doth wisely discorde,  
of his affaires at large.  
He telles him how he shall,  
depart the towne vnknowne,  
With mindfull of his frendes safete,  
and carefull of his owne,  
How he shall gyde him selfe,  
how he shall seeke to winne,  
The frendshipp of the better sort,  
how warly to crepe in,  
The fauour of the Mantuan prince:  
and how he may  
Appease the wrath of Escalus:  
and wipe the fault away.  
The choller of his foes,  
By gentell meanes to wage:  
O, els by force and practises,  
to bridle quite their rage.  
And last he chargeth him,  
at his appointed houre,  
To goe with manly mery cheere,  
vnto his ladies houre,  
And there with holsoime wordes,  
to salve her sores smart,  
And to recure, (if nere requyre)  
her faint and dying hart.  
The old mans wordes haue filld  
with ioy, our Romenus brest:  
And che the old times talke, hath set  
our Juliets harts at rest.

¶ Here

Whereto may I compare,  
 (Flowers) this your day?  
 Like daisies the painted still matters,  
 are wooed to allay:  
 For beat with tempest great,  
 when thy at length, epye  
 Some little draine of Phoebus light,  
 that perceib through the file,  
 To cleare the shadowed earth,  
 by clearnes of his face:  
 They hope that deadles, they shall rombe  
 the remnant of their face:  
 Yea, they assure them selfe:  
 and quite bepynd their backe,  
 They cast all downe, and thanke the Gods  
 for scaping of the wacke.  
 But straight the boyterous winds,  
 with greater fury blowe,  
 And out burst the broken maile,  
 the stormy blast doth blowe.  
 The heauens large, are clad  
 with clondes, as dark as hell:  
 And twill as hye, the Arming waters  
 begin to roare, and swell,  
 With greater daungers dyed,  
 the men are brayd more:  
 In greater perill of their lyfe,  
 then they had been before.  
 The golden sunne, was gonne  
 to lodge him in the west:  
 The full moon eke in yonder South,  
 had sent most men to rest:  
 When restles Romeo,  
 and restles Juliet,  
 In wonderd sort, by wooed meane,  
 in Julies chamber met.

## The tragicall hystory.

And from the windowes top,  
Downe hath he leaped scarce,  
When she with armes out stretched wide,  
So hard did him embrace,  
That weinigh had the spits  
(not forced by deadly force)  
Flowne vnto death, before the time  
abandoning the coize.  
Thus must loode they both,  
the right part of an honye  
And both would speake, but neither had  
of speaking any powze.  
But on his brest her head  
Doth ioylesse Juliet lay,  
And on her slender necke, his chyn  
doth ruthfull Romens stay.  
Their scalding sighes ascende,  
and by their cheekes downe fall,  
Their tripling teares, as crystal cleare,  
but bitter sarme then gall.  
Then he to end the greefe,  
which both they liued in,  
To hisse his lone, and wisely thus  
his tale he did begin,  
O y Juliet, my loue,  
my onely hope and care!  
To you I purpose not as now,  
with length of words declare,  
The diuersenes, and eke  
the accidents so strange,  
Or fragile vncoustant Fortune, that  
delecteth still in chaunge.  
Who in a moment braues  
her frendes vp to the height,  
Es her swift turning slippery wheele,  
then flectes her frendship straight.

Downe



of *Romeus and Iuliet*: Fo. 44

Wond'rous change, even with  
the twinkling of an eye,  
Whom erst her selfe had rashly set,  
in pleasant place so hie:  
The same in great despyte,  
downe belong both the thowme:  
And while she treads and spurneth at  
the lofty state laide lowr,  
Spote so low both the shape  
within all towers space,  
Then pleasure in an hundred yerres,  
so geyson is her grace.  
The prooffe wherof in me  
(alas) too plaine apperes,  
Whom tenderly my carefull frendes  
haue fostered with my teers,  
In prosperous high degree  
mayntayned so by fate,  
That (as your selfe did see) my soe  
enriched my noble state.  
One thing there was, I did  
about the rest desire,  
To which, as to the soveraigne good,  
by hope I would aspyre  
That by our marriage meane,  
we might within a while,  
(To make our perfect happines)  
our parentes reconcile.  
That safely so we might  
not stoppt by hardy strife)  
Unto the boundes that God hath set,  
gyde forth our pleasant lyfe.  
But now (alacke) too soone  
my blisse is overblowne,  
And both the way to my purpose and  
my enterpryse are throwne,

## *The tragicall hystory.*

And dyluck from my frendes,  
of straungers must I graue,  
(O graunt it God) from daungers head,  
that I may suruie haue.  
For loe, henceforth I must,  
wander in landes vnknowne:  
(So hard I finde the princes doome,)  
cyled from mine owne.  
Which thing I haue thought good,  
to set before your eyes:  
And to exhort you, now to proue  
your selfe a woman wisse.  
That patiently, you beare  
my absent long abode,  
For, what ahoue by fatall doctines  
decreed is that God:  
And more then this, to say  
it seemed he was bent,  
But I met, in deadly greafe,  
with brackish teares besprent,  
Broke of his tale begonne,  
and whilst his speche he sayde,  
I had selfe same wordes, or like to these,  
in booke where they were saide,  
By Romeus, can it be,  
thou hast so hard a hart:  
So farre removed from ruth, so farre  
from thinking on my state,  
To leane me thus alone  
(thou canst of my distresse)  
Besieged with so great a campe,  
- mortal wretchednesse,  
That euer bower now,  
and moment in a day,  
A thousand times, death dragged, as he  
would reane my life away.

Yet such is my mishap,  
 (O cruel deſtine)  
 That thou ſhalt live, and wiſhe for death,  
 but yet can neuer dye.  
 So that luſt cauſe I haue,  
 to thinke (as ſeemeth me)  
 That Edward Forſtane ſhall of late,  
 with cruell death agree  
 To lengthen loſt bed life,  
 to pleaſure in my payne,  
 And triumph in my harme, as in  
 the greateſt hoped game.  
 And thou the inſtrument  
 of Forſtunes cruell will,  
 Without whoſe ayde ſhe can no way,  
 her tyrans luſt fulfill:  
 Art not a whit aſhamde,  
 (as farre as I can ſer)  
 To caſt me of, when thou haſt with  
 the better part of me.  
 Wherby (alas) to ſoone,  
 I ſcely wretch be prone,  
 That all the auncient ſacred labors,  
 of frendſhip and of loue,  
 Are queld and quenched quite,  
 ſince he on whom alway,  
 My cheere hope, and my ſtrength truſt,  
 was wonted ſill to ſay,  
 For whom I am become,  
 unto my ſelfe a foe:  
 Diſdaineth me his beſt friend,  
 and ſcoynes my frendſhip ſo.  
 Nay Romeus, nay, thou muſt  
 of two things chooſe the one:  
 Either to ſee thy call a way  
 as ſoone as thou art gone,



## The tragicall history.

Redlong to throw her selfe  
Downe from the windowes haight,  
And so to breake her slender necke,  
With all the bodiees might.  
O, suffer her to be  
companion of thy payne,  
Will here so thou goe (fortune thre gyde)  
till thou retorne agayne,  
So wholly into thine,  
transformed is my hart,  
That even as oft as I do thinke  
that you and I shall part:  
So oft (me thinkes) my lyfe  
withdrowes it selfe awaye,  
Which I retayne, to no end else,  
but to the end I may  
In spite of all thy woes,  
thy present partes rlope,  
And in distress to beare with thee,  
the balke of thine annoye.  
Wherfore in humble sort  
(Romeus I make request,  
If ever tender pity yet,  
were lodged in gentles brest,  
O let it now have place,  
to rest within thy hart,  
Receive me as thy servant, and  
the fellow of thy smart.  
Thy absence is my death,  
thy sight shall geve my life,  
But if perhaps thou stand in dzed,  
to leade me as a wyfe,  
Art thou all countrelle,  
canst thou no witt devise  
What letteth, but in other words  
I may my selfe disguise.

What

of Romeus and Iuliet. Fo. 46

What, shall I be the first:  
hath none done so ere this:  
To scape the bondage of thy handes:  
thy selfe can answer yes.  
Dost thou stand in doute,  
that I thy wife ne can,  
By service pleasure the as much,  
as may thy hyred man:  
O is my loyalte  
of both accompted lesser:  
Perhaps thou fearst lest I for gayne,  
forsake thee in distresse.  
What, hath my beaughtye now,  
no powre at all on you:  
Whose brightnes, force, and piasse some  
up to the skyes you blew: (time,  
My teares, my friendship, and  
my pleasures bonns of olde:  
shall they be quite forgote in debet  
when Romeus shal behold  
The wildnes of her looke,  
her colour pale and dred,  
The woo;st of all that might betwix  
to her, he gan to dred.  
And once agayne he shal  
in armes his Juliet take:  
And kist her with a louing kyss,  
and thus to her bespake.  
Oh Juliet (quoth he)  
the mistres of my hart,  
For whom (even now) thy seruant doth  
abyde in dedly smart,  
Euen for the happy dayes  
which thou desiredst to see,  
And so; the seruient friendship sake  
that thou dost owe to me:

## The tragicall history.

At once these fancies vaine,  
out of thy mynde roott out,  
Except perhaps into thy blaine,  
thou fondly go about  
To hasten forth my draft,  
and to thinke owne to tennie:  
Which Nature's law, and wisdoms loze  
teache euery wight to shunne.  
For but thou chaunge thy mynde,  
I do so: tell the end  
Thou shalt vnder thy selfe soe ay,  
and me thy trusty frende.  
For why, thy absence knowinge,  
thy father will be wroth,  
And in his rage, so narrowly  
He will pursue vs both:  
That wee shall trye in vayne,  
to scape a way by flight,  
And vainely seek a lurking place,  
to hyde vs from his sight.  
Then we found out, and sought,  
quite vayne of stony defence  
shall trust, and put our trust,  
soe thy departure be hence.  
I, as a rauisher,  
thou, as a careless child,  
I, as a man who doth defile:  
thou, as a mayde defiled.  
Thinking to leade in ease,  
a long contented life,  
Shalt thou be vayne by shameful death  
but if (my louing wife)  
Thou banish from thy mynde,  
the soe that counsell hath:  
(That woe's binder round about)  
raue ballance, and woe's



of Romans and Iuliet. Fo. 47

If thou bee bend to pay  
the loze of reason's skill,  
And wisely by her princely policy  
Suppresse rebellious will:  
If thou our safetie seeke,  
more then thing's to come delight,  
Since sweete standes in parting, and  
thy pleasures growe of sight:  
Forbeare the cause of toy,  
and suffre for a while,  
So shall I safely live abroad,  
and safe to me from exile.  
So shall no slanders blot,  
thy spotles life defayne,  
So shall thy blisfull be bndged,  
and I exempt from payne.  
And thinke thou not that age,  
The cause of care shall last,  
The sturmy wyndes shall our blowes,  
much like a winters blast.  
For fortune chaungeth more,  
then tickel fantasie,  
In nothing fortune constant is,  
sane in inconstancie.  
Her ballie running wheele,  
is of a restless coole,  
That turres the climes belong betwix,  
from better to the worse.  
And those that are benetd,  
The heaueth by a gayne,  
So we shall rise to pleasures mount,  
out of the pit of payne.  
Ere solwe monethes ouerpasse,  
suche oore will I take,  
And by my lectors, and my frendes,  
suche meanes I minde to make,  
That

## *The tragicall history.*

That of my wandring race,  
ended shalbe the toyle,  
And I cald home with honoꝝ great,  
vnto my native soyle.  
But if I be condemned  
to wander still in thysall,  
I will retorne to you mine owne  
befall what may befall,  
And then by strength of frendes,  
and with a mighty hand,  
From Acrone will I cary thee,  
into a fojcin lande.  
Not in mans weerde disguised,  
oz as one scarcely knowne,  
But as my wife and only sorce,  
in garment of thyne owne.  
Wherfore repesse at once,  
the passions of thy hart,  
And where there is no cause of griefe,  
cause hope to heale thy smart.  
For of this one thing thou  
mayst well assured bee:  
That nothing els but onely death  
shall sunder me from thee.  
The reasons that be made,  
did seeme of so great waight,  
And had with her such force: that she  
to him gan answer straight.  
Were she, nought els with I,  
but to obey your will:  
But sure where so you go, your hart  
with me shall tary still,  
As signe and certain pledge,  
tyll here I shall you see:  
Of all the powze that over you  
your selfe did graunt to me.

And

of Romens and Iuliet. Fo. 48

And in his stead take myne,  
the gage of my good will:  
One promise craue I at your hand,  
that graunt me to fulfill.  
Sayle not to let me haue  
at Fryer Lawrence hand,  
The tryppinges of your health, and both  
your doubtfull case shall stand.  
And all the wepy while  
that you shall spende abode,  
Cause me from time to time to knowe  
the place of your abode.  
His eyes did gush out teares,  
a sigh brake from his brest,  
When he did graunt, and with an othe  
did bolwe to kepe the best.  
Thus these two lovers passe  
away the wepy night,  
In payne and plaint, not (as they went)  
in pleasure and delight.  
But row some what too soone  
in farthest East arose  
Sayre Lucifer, the golden starre,  
that Lady Venus chose.  
Whose course appoynted is,  
with speddy race to runne,  
A messenger of dawning daye,  
and of the rysing sonne.  
Then freshe Aurora, with  
her pale and siluer glade  
Did clear the skyes, and from the earth,  
had chased ougly shade,  
When thou ne lookest wibe,  
ne closely dost thou winke,  
When Phoebus from our hemysphere,  
in westerne waue doth sinke.

What



## *The tragicall history.*

What colour then the heaucns  
do shew vnto thine eyes:  
The same, (o) like, saw Romens  
in farthest Extreme skyes:  
As yet, he saw no day:  
ne could he call it night,  
With equall force, decreasing darke  
fought with increasing light.)  
Then Romens in armes  
his lady gan to folde,  
With friendly kisse & ruthfully  
he gan her knight beholde.  
With solemne othe they both  
they? so ioyfull leane do take,  
They sweare no sorrow troubles shall  
their steady frendshipp shake.  
Then carefull Romens,  
agayne to cell retournes,  
And to her chamber secretly  
our ioyles full set moornes.  
Now huge cloudes of care,  
of sorrow and of dead,  
The cleares of they? glad some hartes  
bath wholly ouer spread,  
When golden crested Phoebe  
doth booke him selfe in shade,  
And vnder earth, to scape reuenge,  
his deadly foe, doth flye,  
When bath these louers day  
an ende, they? night begonne,  
For eke of them to other is,  
as to the world, the sunne,  
The dawning they shall see,  
ne somner any more,  
But blackface night with winter rough,  
(as beaten ouer seze.

Ende

The wret watch discharge,  
did bid them whome to slepe,  
The warders, and the scouts were chargd  
theire place and course to keepe.  
And Mercne gates awide,  
the porters had set open.  
When Romeus had of his asayrs  
with frier Lawrence spoken,  
Marellie he walketh sooth,  
unknowne of friend or foe:  
Clad lyke a merchant venterer,  
from top euen to the toe  
He spurd apace and came  
withholten stopp or stay,  
To Mantua gates, where lighted downe  
he sent his man awayne.  
With wordes of comfort, to  
his old afflicted sye:  
And straight in mynd to sopourn there,  
a lodging doth hee hire.  
And with the nobler sort  
he doth himselfe acquaint,  
And of his open wrong receaued,  
the Duke doth heare his plaint.  
He practiseth by frendes,  
for pardon of eryle,  
The whilst, he seeketh euery way,  
his sorowes to begyle.  
But who forgets the role  
that burneth in his brest:  
Alas his eares, denye his hart  
the sweete despyed rest.  
No time findes he of mirth,  
he findes no place of ioye,  
But euery thing occasion geues,  
of sorow and annoye.

## The tragicall histori.

For when in toozning skyes,  
the beauens lampes are light,  
And from the other hemysphere,  
fayre Phoebus chaiceth night,  
When euery man and beaſt,  
bath reſt from painfull toyle,  
Then in the bzeſt of Romeus  
his paſſions gye to boyle.  
Then doth he wet with teares,  
the couche wheron he lyes,  
And then his ſighes the chamber fills,  
and out aloude he cryes  
Agaiſt the reſſles ſtarres,  
in roling ſkyes that raunge,  
Agaiſt the ſatall ſiſters three,  
and Fortune full of change.  
Eche night a thouſand times  
he calleth for the day,  
He thinketh Titans reſſles ſedes  
of reſtines do ſlay.  
O that at length they haue  
ſome baiting place found out,  
O that theyd pll haue loſt theyr way  
and wandred farre about.  
Al hyle thus in poell thoughte,  
the very tyme he ſpendeth,  
The night bath end, but not with night,  
the plaiſur of night he endeth.  
Is he accompanied,  
is he in place aloner  
In company he ſwapes his harme,  
apart he maketh mone.  
For if his ſerres reioce,  
what cauſe hath he to ſoy,  
What wanteth ſtill his chere delight,  
while they theſe loues enioy?

But



of Romeus and Iuliet Fo 50

But if with heauy chere,  
thele shewe their inward griefe,  
He waiteth most his wretched onis,  
that is of wretches cheif.  
When he doth here abroad,  
the praise of ladies blowne,  
Within his thought he scozeth them  
and doth prefer his owne.  
When pleasant songs he heares  
whiles others do reioise  
The melody of musike doth  
surpasse his moorning voice.  
But if in secret place,  
hee walke some where alone,  
The place it selfe and secretnes  
redoubleth all his mone.  
When speaks hee to the bests  
to fettered fowles and trees,  
Vnto the earth, the clouds, and to  
what so beynde hee sees.  
To them hee shewes his smart,  
as though thele reason had,  
Each thing may cause his heuines,  
but nought can make him glad.  
And woe of the daye  
againc hee calleth night,  
The sunne hee curseth, and the howle;  
when first his eye sawe light.  
And as the night, and day,  
theire course doth enterchaunge:  
So doth oure Romeus nightlie cares,  
for cares of day erchaung.  
In absence of her knight  
the ladie no way could  
keepe treues betwene her griefs and her,  
though nere so saue she would.

G.ii.

End

## *The tragicall histori.*

And though he with greater payne  
He cloked sorrowes smart:  
Yet did her paled face disclose  
The passions of her hart,  
Her sighing euery howze,  
Her weeping euery where,  
Her recheles heed of meate, of slepe  
and wearing of her geare:  
The carefull mother markes,  
then of her health astrayde,  
Because the greues increased still,  
thus to her child she sayde.  
Dere daughter, if you shoulde  
long languish in this sox,  
I stand in doute that ouer soone  
your sorrowes will make shoue  
Your louing fathers life,  
and myne, that loue you more  
Then our owne proper breth, and life,  
Wyl helpe henceforth therfore  
Your greife, and payne your selfe  
on top your thought to set,  
For time it is that now you shoulde  
our Tybals death forget.  
Of whom, since God hath claym'd  
the lyfe, that was but lent,  
He is in blisse, ne is there cause  
why you shoulde thus lament:  
You can not call him backe  
with teares, and strikinges ill:  
It is a fault thus still to grudge  
at Gods appointed will.  
The seely soule had now  
no longer powre to sayne,  
No lenger could she hyde her harme:  
but answered thus agayne.

*of Romeo and Iuliet.* Fo. 51

With heauy broken sighes,  
with visage pale and ded  
Madame, the last of Tibalts tentes,  
a great while since I shed,  
Whose saying hath been ere this  
so labed ou: by me,  
That empty quise, and moyllurke,  
I gesse it now to be:  
So that my payned hart  
by conduits of the eyne,  
As moze hence sooth (as wont it was)  
shall gush sooth dropping byne.  
The wofull mother knew  
not, what her daughter ment,  
And loth to ber her childe by woozdes,  
her peace she warily hent.  
But when from howre to howre,  
from moze to the moze:  
Still moze and moze she saw increas  
her daughters wanted soze.  
All meanes she sought: of her,  
and household folke, to know  
The certaine roote, wheron her griefe,  
and bootles more both growe.  
But lo, she hath in vayne,  
her time, and laboz lose,  
Therefore without all measure, is  
her hart tormented soze.  
And sith her selfe could not  
fynde out the cause of care:  
She thought it good to tell the syze,  
how yll his childe did fare.  
And when she saw her time,  
thus to her selfe she sayde:  
O, if you marke our daughter well,  
the countenance of the mayde,



## The tragicall bystory.

And both she fareth, since  
That Tybalt vnto death,  
(Before his time, forst by his foe)  
Dyd yeld his liuing breath.  
Her face shall seeme so chaunged,  
her doynges eke so straunge,  
That you will greatly wonder at,  
so great and sodain change.  
Not onely she forbears,  
her meate, her drinke, and sleepe,  
But now she tendeth nothing els  
but to lament and weepe,  
No greater ioy hath she,  
nothing contentes her hart  
So much, as in her chamber, close  
to shut her selfe apart  
Where she doth so torment  
her poore afflicted mynde,  
That much in daunger standes her lyfe,  
except somme bette we synde  
But (oxt alas) I see  
not how it may be founde:  
Vnlesse that fynd, we might fynde, whence  
her sorowes thus abounde.  
For though with busi care,  
I haue impleyd my wit,  
And vnder all the wayes I knew,  
to learne the truth of it:  
Neither extremitie,  
ne lentil means could boote  
She hideth close within her brest,  
her secret sorowes roote.  
This was my first conceite,  
that all her ruth arose  
Out of her cousin Tybalts death,  
late borne of verdy fesse.

But

But now my hart deeth hold  
 a new repugnant thought,  
 Some greater thing, not Tibalts death,  
 this chaunge in her hath wrought,  
 Her selfe assured me,  
 that many dayes agoe,  
 She shed the last of Tibalts teares,  
 which woozd amase me so:  
 That I then could not gesse  
 what thing els might her greue,  
 But now at length I haue bethought  
 me, and I doe belene  
 The onely crop and roote  
 o' all my daughters payne,  
 Is grudging enuies saynt disease,  
 perhaps she doth disoayne  
 To see in wedlocke yoke  
 the most part of her teeres,  
 Whilft onely she vnmaried,  
 doth lose so many yeres.  
 And more perchaunce she thinks  
 you mynd to keepe her so,  
 Wherfore dispayring doth she weare  
 her selfe away with woe.  
 Therfore (deere sy) in time,  
 take on your daughter ruth,  
 For why, a byikel thing is glasse,  
 and frayle is fraylest youth.  
 Forne her at once to somme,  
 in linke of mariage,  
 That may be meete for your degree,  
 and much about her age.  
 So shall you banish care  
 out of your daughters brest:  
 So we her parents in our age,  
 shall liue in quiet rest.

## *The tragicall hystory.*

Wher to gan easily  
her husband to agree,  
And to the mothers skillfull talke,  
thus Draight way answered he.  
Oft have I thought (deere wife)  
of all these things ere this,  
But euer moze my mynd me gaue,  
It should not be amis,  
By farther leysure had,  
a husband to prouyde,  
Scarce saw she yet full. xxi. yerres:  
to yong to be a byde.  
But since her state both stande  
on termes so perillous,  
And that a mayden daughter is  
a treasure dangerous:  
With so great speede I will  
endeuour to procure  
A husband for our daughter yong,  
her sickenes saynt to cure.  
That you shal rest content,  
(so warely will I choose)  
And she recover soone enough  
the timeshe seems to loose.  
The whilst, seeke you to learne,  
if she in any parte,  
Already hath (vnware to vs)  
sired her frendly harte.  
Lest we haue moze respect  
to honoz and to welth,  
Then to our daughters quiet life,  
and to her happy helth.  
Althow I do holde as deere,  
as thapple of myne eye,  
And rather wyl in poore estate,  
and daughter les to dye:

Then



Then leaue my goodes and her  
 ythrald to such a one,  
 Whose chozlish dealing (I once dead)  
 Should be her cause of mone.  
 This pleasant aunswere heard,  
 the lady partes agayne.  
 And Capilet the maydens size,  
 within a day or twayne,  
 Conferreth with his frendes,  
 for marpage of his daughter,  
 And many gentlemen there were,  
 with busp care that sought her.  
 Both for the mayden was  
 well shap'd, yong and, sayre,  
 As also well brought up, and wise,  
 her fathers only charyce.  
 Among the rest was one  
 inflamde with her desire,  
 who, County paris rised was,  
 an Earle he had to size.  
 Of all the suters, him  
 the father liketh best,  
 And easely vnto the Earle  
 he maketh his behest.  
 Both of his owne good will,  
 and of his frendly ayde,  
 To win his wife vnto his will,  
 and to perswade the mayde.  
 The wife did loy to heare  
 the ioyfull husband say,  
 How happy hath, how meete a match,  
 he had found out that day.  
 He did she seeke to hyde  
 her loyes within her hart.  
 But straight she byeth to Iuliet,  
 to her she telles apart,

What

## *The tragicall history.*

What happy talke (by meane  
of her) was past no rather  
Betwene the wooing Paris, and  
her carefull louing father.  
The person of the man,  
the sweeters of his face,  
His youtfull yeres, his saprenes, and  
his port and seemely grace:  
With curious wooordes she payntes  
before her daughters eyes,  
And then with stozes of vertues prayse,  
she beatus him to the skyes.  
She hauntes his race, and gystes,  
that Fortune had him geue:  
Wherby (she saith) both she and hers,  
in great delight shall liue.  
When Iuliet conceived  
her parents whole entent,  
Wherto, both loue and reasons right,  
sozboode her to assent:  
Within her selfe she thought,  
rather then be sozwoyne,  
With bozses wilde, her tender partes  
a sonder should be tozne.  
Not now with bashfull brow  
(in wonted wise) she spake,  
But with untwonted boldnes, straight  
into these wooordes she brake.  
Madame, I maruell much,  
that you so lauaſſe are,  
Of me youre childe (your setwel once,  
your onely toy and care)  
As thus to yelde me vp,  
at pleasure of another,  
Before you know if I doe like,  
or els mislike my louer

Doo what you list, but yet  
 of this assure you still,  
 If you do as you say you will,  
 I will be not there but still.  
 For had I choise of twayne,  
 farre rather would I choise,  
 By part of all your goodes, and he  
 My breath and life to lose:  
 Then graunt that he possesse  
 of me the smallest part,  
 First, weary of my painefull life,  
 my cares shall kill my hart.  
 Els will I pierce my brest,  
 with sharpe and bloody knife,  
 And you my mother shall becomene  
 the murdresse of my life:  
 In geuing me to him,  
 whom I ne can ne may  
 He ought to love, wherefore on knees,  
 deere mother I you pray  
 To let me liue henceforth,  
 as I haue liued tofore:  
 Ceasse all your troubles for my sake,  
 and care for me no more,  
 But suffer Fortune serue,  
 too woozke on me her will,  
 In her it lieth to do me boote,  
 in her it lieth to spill.  
 For whilst you for the best,  
 desire to place me so,  
 You hast away my lingring breath,  
 and dable all my wor,  
 So deere this aunswere made  
 the sorowes downe to sinke,  
 Into the mothers brest: that she  
 ne knoweth what to thinke.



## *The tragicall history.*

Of these her daughters wooers,  
but all appaile she standes,  
And by vnto the heauens she throwes  
her wondring head and handes.  
And nigh besyde her selfe  
her husband hath she sought,  
She telles him all, she doth forget  
ne yet she bydeh ought.  
The testy oloman wroth,  
disdainfull without measure,  
sendes forth his folke in haste for her,  
and bydes them take no leysure.  
He on her teares of plaint,  
at all to haue remoyse,  
But (if they can not with her will)  
to bying the mayde perforce.  
The message heard, they part,  
to fetch that they must set:  
And willingly with them walkes forth  
obedient Juliet.  
Arriued in the place,  
when she her father saw,  
Of whom (as much as duty would)  
the daughter stood in awe:  
The seruantes sent away,  
(the mother thought it meete)  
The wofull daughter all belwept,  
fell groueling at his feete,  
Which she doth washe with teares  
as she thus groueling lyes:  
So fast and eke so plentiously  
distill they from her eyes.  
When she to call for grace  
her mouth doth thinke to open,  
Muet she is for syles and sobes  
her fearefull talke haue broken.

She

The sye, whose swelling woorth  
 her teares could not allwage,  
 With fiery epen, and skarlet cheekes,  
 thus spake her in his rage.  
 Whilke ruthfully stood by  
 the maydens mother myde,  
 Listen (quoth he) vntthankfull and  
 thou disobedient childe.  
 Hast thou so soone let slip  
 out of thy mynde the woord,  
 That thou so often tymes hast heard  
 rehearsed at my boord?  
 How much the Romayne yowth  
 of parentes stood in awe,  
 And eke what powre vpon theyr seede  
 the fathers had by lawe:  
 Whom they not onely might  
 pledge, alienate, and sell,  
 (When so they stood in neede) but more  
 if chyldezen did rebell,  
 The parentes had the power,  
 of lyfe and sodayn deathe:  
 What if those goodmen should agayne  
 recreate the luyng brette?  
 In how straight bondes would they  
 thy stubberne body bryde?  
 What weapons would they seeke for thee  
 what tormentes would they fynde?  
 To chasten (if they saw)  
 the lewdnes of thy lyfe,  
 Thy great vntthankfulnes to me,  
 and shamefull curdy rise?  
 Such care thy mother had,  
 so deere thou wert to me,  
 That I with long and earnest sute,  
 prouided haue for thee.

One

## *The tragicall history.*

One of the gretest lordes,  
that moonts about this towne,  
And for his many vertues sake,  
a man of grete renowne.  
Of whom both thou and I,  
unwoozye are too much  
So rich ere long hee shalbe left,  
his fathers welth is such.  
Such is the noblenes,  
and honoz of the race,  
From whence his father came, and yet  
Thou plaicst in this case,  
The daintie foole, and Subburne  
gyrlie, for want of skill,  
Thou dost refuse thy offred weale,  
and disobey my will.  
Euen by his strength I swere,  
that first did geue me life,  
And gaue mee in my youth the strength  
to get the on my wife,  
Onles by twendnesdaye next,  
thou bend as I am bent,  
And at oure castell cald free towne,  
thou freely doe assent  
To counte Paris sute,  
and promise to agree  
To what soeuer then shall passe,  
twixt him, my wife, and mee:  
Not onely will I geue  
all that I haue away,  
From thee, to those that shall me loue,  
mee honoz and obay:  
But also to so close,  
and to so hard a galle,  
I shall thee wed for all thy life,  
that sure thou shalt not saye,

Al thou



*of Romens and Iuliet. Fo. 56*

A thousand times a day  
to wishe so; sodayn death:  
And curse the day, and howe when first  
thy lunges did geue thee breath.  
Adouie thee well, and say  
that thou art warned now,  
And thinke not that I speake in sport,  
or mynde to breake my bowe.  
For were it not that I  
to Countie Paris gave  
my sayd, which I must kepe vnfaile,  
my hono; so to saue  
Ere thou goe hence, my selfe  
would see thee chastned so,  
That thou shouldst once so; all be taught,  
thy dutie how to knowe.  
And what reuenge of olde,  
the angry spies did finde  
Against their children that rebels,  
and sheld them selfe unkinde.  
These sayd, the olde man straight  
is gone in hast a way,  
He for his daughters aunswere, would  
the testy father say.  
And after him, his wife  
Doth follow out of doore,  
And there they leane theyr chidden childre  
kneeling vpon the floore.  
Then she that oft had scene  
the fury of her spyre,  
Dreading what might come of his rage,  
would farther stirre his ire.  
Vnto her chamber she  
withdrew her selfe aparte,  
Where she was wonted to vnloose,  
the sorowes of her hart.

Then

## *The tragicall history.*

There did she not so much  
busy her eyes in sleeping,  
As overpze with restless thoughts  
in piteous booties wrping.  
The fast falling of teares  
make not her teares decrea'se,  
He by the poyzing sozth of playnt,  
the cause of plaint ooth cease.  
So that to bend the mone  
and sorow may decay,  
The best is that she seeke some means  
to take the cause away.  
Her weary bed betime  
the wolfull wight forsakes,  
And to saint Frauncis church to make  
her way deuoutly takes.  
The fryer sozth is colde,  
He prays him heare her thrist:  
Denucion is in so yong yeres,  
a rare and pzeious gyft.  
When on her tender knees  
the dainty lady kneeles,  
In minde to polwe sozth all the greefe,  
that inwardly her seeles.  
With sibes and salted teares  
her thristing both beginne,  
For she of heaped sorow hath  
to speake, and not of sinne.  
Her voice with piteous plaint  
was made already hoze,  
And hasty sobs, when she would speake  
brake of her woordes parfoze.  
But as she may pzece meale,  
she potozeth in his lappe,  
The marriage netwe, a mischicf netwe,  
pzeared by mishappe.

of Romeus and Iuliet Fo. 57

Her parentes promise erst  
to Counte Paris past,  
Her fathers threats she telleth him,  
and thus concludes at last.  
Once was I wedded well,  
ne will I wed agayne,  
For since I know I may not be  
the wedded wyfe of twayne,  
For I am bound to haue  
one God, one sayth, one make,  
My purpose is as soone as I  
shall hence my iorney take  
With these two bandes which I orde  
vnto the heauens I Oretch,  
The hasty death which I desire  
vnto my selfe to reache.  
This day (O Romeus)  
this day thy wofull wyfe  
will bring the end of all her cares  
by ending carefull lyfe.  
So my departed spyte  
shall witnes to the skye,  
And eke my blood vnto the earth  
beare record how that I  
haue kept my sayth vnbroke,  
stedfast vnto my frende.  
When this her brayn tale was tolde  
her bolue eke at an ende,  
Her gasling here and there,  
her seerce and staring looke,  
Did witnes that some lewd attempt,  
her hart had vnderooke.  
Whereat, the sryer astonde,  
and gasfully asrayde,  
Lest she by dede persourne her woo;d,  
thus much to her he sayde.



## The tragicall histori.

Ah lady Juliet,  
What neede the wordes you spake  
I pray you graunt me one request  
For blessed Marias sake,  
Peeasurc somewhat poure grief,  
holbe here awhile poure prase,  
Whilst I beethinke me of yours case  
your plaint and sorrow cease  
Such comfort will I geue  
you ere I passe from hence,  
And for thauls of Fortunes pre  
prepare so sure defence,  
So hole some saue will I  
for your afflictions fynd,  
What you shall hence depart againe  
with well contented mind.  
His words haue chased straight  
out of her hart despaire,  
Her black and ugly dreddful thoughts  
by hope are wakened saie.  
So frater Lawrence now  
hath left her there alone,  
And hee out of the church in hast  
is to his chamber gone.  
Where sundrie thoughts within  
his carful bed arise  
The old mans foresight; diuers doubts  
hath set before his eyes.  
His conscience one while  
condems hit for a sinne,  
So let her take Darius to excuse,  
since hee him selfe had byn  
The chiefest cause that shee  
unknownen to father and mother,  
Not five months since in that self place  
was wedded to an other.

*of Romeus and Iuliet Fo. 58*

An other while an huge  
heape of daungers dyed,  
His rickles thought hath heaped by,  
within his troubles bed.  
Cain of it selfe that attempt  
be iudgeth perillous,  
The executione hee hee does  
so much moze daungertous,  
That to a womans grace  
he must him selfe commit,  
That yong is, simple and vnware,  
for waighety affaires vnfit,  
For if she sayle in ought  
the matter published,  
Both she and Romeus were vnbonne,  
him selfe she punished,  
When too and fro in mynde  
he dyuers thought had cast,  
With tender pety and with ruth  
his hart was wonne at last,  
He thought he rather would  
in basard set his fame  
Then suffer such adultery,  
resolving on the same  
Out of his closet straight,  
he tooke a little glasse,  
And then with double hast retorned  
where wefull Iuliet was.  
Whom he hath found wel nigh  
in traunce, scarce drawing breath,  
Attending still to heare the newes  
of lyfe or els of death.  
Of whom he did enquire  
of the appointed day.  
On wensday next (quoth Iuliet)  
so doth my father say:

## *The tragicall histori.*

I must geue my consent  
but (as I do remember)  
The splemne day of mariage is,  
the tenth day of September.  
Deere daughter quoth the fryer  
of good chere see thou be,  
For loe, saint Francis of his grace  
hath shewed a way to me,  
By which I may both thee,  
and Romeo together,  
Out of the bondage which you feare  
assuredly deliuer.  
Euen from the holy font  
thy husband haue I knowne,  
And since he grew in yeares, haue kept  
his counsels as myne owne,  
For from his youth he would  
vnfold to me his hart,  
And often haue I cured him,  
of anguish, and of smart.  
I know that by desert  
his frendship I haue wonne,  
And I him holde as deere, as if  
he were my propre sonne.  
Wherefore my frendly hart,  
can not abyde that he  
Should wrongfully in ought be harmed,  
if that it lay in me,  
To right or to reuenge  
the wrong by my aduise,  
Or timely to prevent the same  
in any other wise.  
And syth thou art his wife,  
thee am I bound to lone,  
For Romeus friendships sake, and seeks  
thy anguish to remoue.

And



And o; cadfull to;mentes which  
 thy hart besegen rounde,  
 Therfoze my daughter geue goodenare,  
 vnto my counsels sounde.  
 Fo: get not what I say,  
 ne tell it any wight,  
 For to the nurse thou trustest so,  
 as Romeus is thy knight.  
 For on this therese both hang  
 thy death and eke thy life,  
 My fame, o; shame, his weale o; woe,  
 that chose thee to his wyfe.  
 Thou art not ignozant  
 (because of such renoluns  
 As cuery where is spred of me,  
 but chesely in this towne)  
 That in my youtfull dayes  
 abrode I traupled  
 Through euery land sound out by men,  
 by men inhabited:  
 So twenty peres from home,  
 in landes vnknowne, a gest,  
 I nener gaue my weary limmes  
 long tyme to quiet rest:  
 But in the desert woodes,  
 to bestes, of cruell kind,  
 Or on the seas to dyench in waues,  
 at piasure of the winde.  
 I haue committed them  
 to ruth of rouers hand,  
 And to a thousand daungers moze  
 by water and by land,  
 But not in bayne (my childe)  
 hath all my wandring byn,  
 Beside the great contentmentes  
 my spere abyde in.

## *The tragicall hystory.*

That by the pleasant thought  
of passed thinges both grow  
A neyminate frute moze haue I plucked  
which thou shalt shortly know:  
What force the stones, the plants,  
and metals haue to worke,  
And diuers other thinges that in  
the bowels of earth do looke,  
With care I haue sought out  
with payne I did them proue,  
With them eke can I helpe my selfe,  
at times of my bechoue.  
(Although the science be  
against the lawes of men)  
When sodaine danger forcerh me,  
but yet most chesely when  
The worke to doe is least  
displeasing vnto god,  
Not helping to do any sinne  
that wykefull Ioue forbode.  
For since in life no hope  
of long abode I haue,  
But now am comme vnto the dynke  
of my appointed graue,  
And that my death drawes neere,  
whose stripe I may not shenne,  
But shalbe calde to make account  
of all that I haue donne,  
How ought I from hence forth  
moze depely print in minde  
The iudgement of the lord, then when  
youthes folly made me blynde,  
When loue and fond desire  
were boyling in my brest,  
When here hope e dyed by vniuing thoughtes  
had banished frenchly rest,

Know

of Romeus and Iuliet. Fo. 60

Knowe therfore (daughter) that  
with other gyftes which I  
haue well attained to by grace  
and fauour of the skye,  
Long ſince I did find out,  
and yet the way I knowe  
Of certaine roots and ſauory herbes  
to make a kinde of dolwe,  
which baked hard, and bet  
into a powder fine,  
And drinke with conduſte water, or  
with any kind of wyne,  
It doth in halfe an houre  
aſonne the taker ſo,  
And maſteth all his ſences, that  
he feeleth weale nor woe,  
And ſo it burieth vp  
the ſpyte and liuing breath,  
That euen the ſkilfull leche would ſay,  
that he ſhould ſlayne by death.  
One vertue more it hath,  
as mercurious as this,  
The taker by receiuing it,  
at all not greened is.  
But painleſſe as a man,  
that thinketh nought at all,  
Into a ſweete and quiet ſleepe  
immediatly doth fall,  
From which (according to  
the quantitie he taketh,  
Longer or ſhorter is the time  
before the ſleeper waketh.  
And thence (the effect once wrought)  
agayne it doth reſtore  
Him that receaued vnto the ſtate,  
wherin he was before.

Th. iiii.

Where



## *The tragicall hystory.*

W<sup>h</sup>erfoze, marke well the ende,  
of this my tale begonne,  
And therby learne what is by thee  
hereafter to be donne.  
Cast of from thee at once,  
the weede of womannish drede,  
With manly courage arme thy selfe,  
from heele vnto thy head.  
For onely on the feare  
or boldnes of thy brest,  
The happy happe, or yll mishappe  
of thy assayze doth rest.  
Receiue this byoll small,  
and keepe it as thine eye,  
And on thy mariage day befoze  
the sunne doe clere the skie,  
Fill it with water full,  
vp to the very brim,  
Then drinke it of, and thou shalt feele,  
thzoughout the bayne and lim:  
A pleasant slumber slide,  
and quite dispyed at length,  
On all thy parts, from every part  
rene all thy kindly strength.  
W<sup>h</sup>il beuten inouing thus  
thy ydle parts shall rest,  
So pulse shall goe, ne hart once beat  
within thy holow brest.  
But thou shalt lye as she  
that lyeth in a trance,  
Thy kinsmen, and thy trusty frendes  
shall wayle the sodan chaunce:  
Thy corpe then will they bying  
to graue in this church yerde,  
W<sup>h</sup>ere thy fozefathers long agoe  
a resty tombe pze yerde.

of *Romeus and Iuliet.* Fo. 6<sup>1</sup>

Both for themselves, and eke  
for those that should come after,  
Both deepe it is, and long and large,  
where thou shalt rest my daughter,  
I will to Mantua sende  
for Romeus thy knight:  
Out of the tombe, both he and I  
will take thee forth that night.  
And when out of thy sleepe  
thou shalt awake agayne,  
Then mayst thou goe with him from hence  
and healed of thy payne,  
In mantua lead with him  
unknowne a pleasant life,  
And yet perhaps in time to come,  
when cease shall all the strife,  
And that the peace is made  
twixt Romeus and his foes,  
My selfe may find so fit a time  
these secrets to disclose,  
Both to my prayse, and to  
thy tender parents ioy,  
That daungerles without reproche  
thou shalt thy loue enioy.  
When of his skillfull tale,  
the fyer had made an ende,  
To which our Iuliet so well  
her care and wits dyd bend,  
That she hath heard it all,  
and hath forgotten nought,  
Her fainting hart was comforted,  
with hope and pleasant thought.  
And then to him she said,  
doubte not but that I will  
With stout and vnappauled hart,  
your happy best fulfill.

Pea

## *The tragicall history.*

Yea, if I will it were  
a venemous deadly bylnke:  
Nather would I that through my throte  
the certaine bane should sinke,  
Then I (not bylnking it)  
into his handes should fall,  
That hath no part of me as yet,  
ne ought to haue at all.  
Much more I ought with bold  
and with a willing hart,  
To greatest danger yelde my selfe  
and to the deadly smart,  
To comme to him, on whome  
my life doth wholly stay,  
That is my onely hartes delight,  
and so he shalbe aye.  
Then goe quoth he (my childe)  
I pray that God on hye,  
Direct thy foote, and by thy hand  
vpon the way thee gye:  
God graunt he so confirme  
in thee thy present will,  
That no inconstant toy thee let,  
thy promise to fulfill.  
A thousand thanks and more,  
our Juliet gaue the sryer,  
And homeward to her fathers house  
ioyfull she doth retyre.  
And as with stateygate  
she passed through the streete,  
she saw her mother in the doore,  
that with her there would meete.  
In mynd to aske if she  
her purpose yet did holde,  
In mynd also a part twixt them,  
her duty to haue tolde:

where



of Romeus and Iuliet. Fo.62

Wherfore with pleasant face,  
and with vntwonted chere,  
As soone as she was vnto her  
approched sumwhat nere,  
Before the mother spake,  
thus did she first begin,  
Madam, at saint Frauncis church  
haue I this morning byn,  
Where I did make abode,  
a longer while (perrase)  
When duty would, yet haue I not  
been absent from this place,  
So long a while, without  
a great and iust cause why,  
This frute haue I receaued there,  
my hart erst lyke to dye,  
Is now reuiued agayne,  
and my afflicted brest  
Released from affliction,  
restored is to rest.  
For lo, my troubled goffe,  
(alas too soze diseased)  
By godly counsell and aduise,  
hath fyrer Lawrence eased,  
To whom I did at large  
discourse my former lyfe,  
And in confession did I tell  
of all our passed strife.  
Of Counte Paris late,  
and how my lord and spere,  
By my vngreate and stubborne strife,  
I fyrred vnto pere.  
But lo, the holy fyrer  
hath by his godly lore,  
Made me another woman now,  
then I had been before,

## The tragicall history.

By strenght of argumentes  
he charged so my minde  
That (though I sought) no sure defence  
my searching thought could finde.  
So forced I was at length  
to yelde by wittes will,  
And promise to be ordered by  
the friers paysted skyll.  
Wherfore albeit I  
had rashly long before,  
The be and rytes of marriage,  
so many yeres forswore,  
yet mother now behold,  
your daughter at your will,  
Ready (if you commaunde her ought)  
your pleasure to fulfill.  
Wherfore in humble wise  
deere madam I you pray,  
To goe vnto my lord and sire,  
withouten long delay,  
Of him first pardon craue  
of faultes already past,  
And shew him (if it pleaseth you)  
his child is now at last  
Obedient to his last  
and to his skilfull best:  
And that I will (god lending life)  
on wensday next be prest,  
To waite on him and you,  
vnto thappoynted place.  
Where I will in your hearing and  
before my fathers face,  
Vnto the Counte geue  
my sayth and whole assent,  
To take him for my lord and spouse,  
thus full I am I bent,

And

of Romeus and Iuliet. Fo. 63

And that out of your mynde  
I may remoue all doute,  
Unto my closet I am now,  
to searche and to chooseth out  
The brassest garmentes and  
the richest iswels there,  
Which (better him to please) I mynde  
on Wednesday next to weare,  
For if I did excell  
the famous Grettian rape,  
Yet might attyre helpe to amende  
my bewty and my shape.  
The simple mother was,  
rapt in to great delight,  
For halfe a word could she bying loath,  
but in this sorfull plight,  
With nimble foote she ran  
and with vnwonted pace,  
Unto her pensive husband, and  
to him with pleasant face  
She tolde what she had heard,  
and prayeth much the sorer,  
And sorfull teares ranne downe ~~by~~ <sup>her</sup> cheeks  
of this gray-headed sorer.  
Which handes and eyes beuied by,  
he thankes God in his hart,  
And then he sayth, this is not (wife)  
the fiers first telar.  
Oft hath he shewde to vs,  
great frendship heretofore,  
By helping vs at needfull times,  
with wisdomes pretious lore:  
In all our common weale,  
scarce one is to be founde,  
But is for somme good to, ne unto  
this holy father bounde,



## *The tragicall history.*

Oh that the thyrd part of  
my goods (I doe not sayne)  
But twenty of his pastid yeres  
might purchase him agayne  
So much in recompence  
of frendship would I geue,  
So much (in faith) his extreme age  
my frendly hart both greue.  
These said, the glad oloman,  
from home, goeth straight abode,  
And to the stately Pallace byeth,  
where Paris made abode,  
Whom he despyes to be  
on wensday next his feast,  
At Freestone, where he mundes to make  
for him a costly feast.  
But loe, the Earle saith  
such feasting were but lost,  
And counsels him till mariage time  
to spare so great a cost.  
For then he knoweth well  
the charges wilbe great,  
Eke whilst his hart despyeth still  
her sight, and not his meate.  
Hee craves of Capilet,  
that he may straight go see  
Payze Juliet, wher to he doth  
right willingly agree.  
The mother warnde befoze;  
her daughter doth p[re]pare,  
She warneth and she chargeth her  
that in no wise she spare  
Her curteous speche, her pleasant  
lookes, and comely grace,  
But liberally to geue them forth  
when Paris commes in place.

which

of Romeus and Iuliet. Fo. 64

Which she as cunningly  
could set forth to the theme,  
As cunning craftsmen to the sale  
do set their wares on rewe  
That ere the County did  
out of her sight depart,  
So secretly bwards to him,  
She stole away his hart,  
That of his life and death  
the wily wench hath power,  
And now his longing hart thinks long  
for they appointed howre.  
And with impoortune suite,  
the parentes both he pray,  
The wedlocke knot to knit soon by,  
and hast the marriage day.  
The woer hath past forth  
the first day in this sort,  
And many other more then this,  
in pleasure and disport,  
At length the wished time  
of long hoped delight,  
(As paris thought) drew nere, but nere  
approched heauy plight:  
Against the bridal day  
the parentes did prepare,  
Such rich attyre, such furniture,  
such show of dairety fare  
That they which do behold  
the same the night before  
Did thinke and say, a man could scarce  
withe for any more.  
Nothing did seeme to deere,  
the dearest thinges were bought,  
And (as the written booke saith)  
in deede there wanted nought.

## *The tragicall history.*

That longd to his degree  
and honoz of his Roche,  
But whilst the whilst her thoughts  
within her brest did looke  
Euen from the trusty nurse,  
whose secretnes was tryde,  
The secret counsell of her hart  
the nurse childe seekes to hide.  
For sth to mocke her dame  
she dyd not like to lye,  
she thought no sinne with shew of truth,  
to bleare her nurces eye.  
In chamber secretly  
the tale she gan reuel,  
That at the doore she tolde her dame  
as though it had been trew.  
The flattering nurse did praise  
the sypre for his skill,  
And said that she had done right well  
by wile to order wile.  
She setteth foozth at large  
the fathers furious rage,  
And she she prayseth much to her,  
the second marriage.  
And Countie Paris now  
she praiseeth ten times moze,  
By wrong, then she her selfe by right,  
had Romeus prayde befoze.  
Paris shall dwell there still,  
Romeus shall not retourne,  
what shall it boote her life,  
so languish still and mozne.  
The pleasures past befoze,  
she must account as gaine,  
But if he doe erreorne, what then?  
so, one she shall haue twayne.

The



65.  
of Romeus and Iulies Fo. 63

The one shall vse her as  
his lawfull wedded wyfe,  
In wanton lone, with equall loy  
the other leade his life;  
And best shall she be sped  
of any to wnich dame,  
Of husband and of paramour,  
to fynde her change of game.  
These woozdes and like, the nurse  
did speake, in hope to please,  
But greatly did these wicked woozdes  
the ladies mynde disease:  
But as she bid her wyath,  
and seemed well content,  
When dayly byd the naughty nurse  
new argumentes inuent.  
But when the byde perceued  
her howze appoched nere,  
She sought (the best she could) to sayne,  
and tempred so her cheere,  
That by her outward looke,  
no liuing wight could gesse  
Her inward woe, and yet anew  
renewde is her distresse,  
Unto her chaumber doth  
the pensive wight repayre,  
And in her hand a percher light  
the nurse beares by the stayre.  
In Iulietts chamber was  
her wonted vse to lye,  
Wherfore her mistres dreading that  
shewoul'd her work descrye  
As sone as she began  
her pallet to vnfold,  
Thinking to lye that night, where she  
was wont to lye of olde:

## *The tragicall histori.*

Doth gently pray her seeke,  
her lodging somewhere else,  
And lest the craftie should suspect,  
a ready reason telle  
Dere friends, moeth she you knowe,  
to morow is the day.  
Of new contract, wherefore this night,  
my purpose is to pray,  
Wnto the heauenly myndes,  
that dwell about the skyes,  
And order all the course of thinges,  
as they can best deuise,  
That they so simple vpon  
the doinges of to morow.  
That all my remnant of my lyfe,  
may be exempt from sorrow:  
Wherefore I pray you leaue  
me here alone this night,  
But see that you to morow come  
before the dawning light  
For you must coole my heare,  
and set on my attyre,  
And easely the louing nurse,  
did yelde to her desire.  
For she within her bed  
did cast before no doubt,  
She little knew the close attempt,  
her nurse child went about.  
The nurse departed once,  
the chamber doore shut close,  
Assured that no liuing wight  
her doing might disclose,  
She powzeth sooth into  
the blosse of the frier,  
Water out of a silver ewer,  
that on the boord stode by her,

The

of *Romeus and Iuliet* Fo. 66

The slepp mixture made,  
Fayre Iuliet doth it hyde,  
Vnder her bolster soft, and so  
vnto her bed she hysed:  
Where diuers nouell thoughts  
arise within her bed,  
And she is so inuironed  
about with deadly dyes,  
That what befoze she had  
resolved vndoubtedly,  
That same she calleth into doute,  
and lying doubtfully,  
Whilst honest loue did strue  
with dyes of deadly payne,  
With handes plying, and weping eyes,  
thus gan she to complaine.  
What, is there any one  
beneath the heauens hys  
So much vnforsunate as I,  
so much past hope as I?  
What, am not I my selfe  
of all that yet were borne,  
The depeest drenched in disparage,  
and most in fortune's shorne?  
For loe the world for me,  
hath nothing els to finde,  
Beside mishap and wretchednes,  
and anguish of the minde,  
Since that the cruel cause  
of my unhappines.  
Hath put me to this sodain plunge,  
and brought to such distress,  
As (to the end I may  
my name and conscience saue)  
I must deuolue the mired drink,  
that by me here I haue.

J. II.

whose



## The tragicall histori.

Whose working and whose force  
as yet I doe not know,  
And of this pittous plaint began  
another deute to growe.  
What doe I knowe (quoth she)  
if that this powder shall  
Sooner or later then it should  
or els not worke at all?  
And then my craft describe,  
as open as the day,  
The peoples tale and laughing stocks,  
shall I remayne for aye.  
And what know I (quoth she)  
if serpents odious,  
And other beasts and wormes that are  
of nature venemous,  
That wonted are to lurke,  
in dark: caues vnder ground,  
And commonly as I haue heard  
in dead mens tombes are found,  
shall harme me yea or nay,  
where I shall lye as dead,  
O: how shall I that alway haue  
in so frethe ayre been bred  
Endure the lothsome stinke  
of such an heaped stoe  
Of carcases, not yet consumed  
and bones that long befoze  
Intombd were, where I  
my sleeping place shall haue,  
Where all my auncesters do rest,  
my kindreds common graue.  
shall not the fryer and  
my Romeus when they come,  
spinde me (if I awake befoze)  
pittifull in the tombe?

Ans

*of Romeus and Iuliet.* Fo. 67

And whilst she in these thoughts  
doth dwell somewhat to long,  
The force of her imagining,  
anon byd waite so strong,  
That she surmounte the pain  
out of the hollow haile,  
(A grievely thing to looke upon,  
the carkas of Ithalt,  
Ryght in the selfe same soyt,  
that she sawe dapes before  
Had seen him in his blood embredde,  
to death eke wounded sore,  
And then, when she agayne  
within her selfe had wayde,  
That quicke she should be buried there,  
and by his side be layde  
All comfortles, for she  
shall liuing fere haue none  
But many a rotten carkas, and  
full many a naked bone:  
Her dainty tender partes  
gan shewer all so dyed,  
Her golden beares did stand bysight,  
vpon her chillyd bed,  
Then pressed with the feare  
that she ther liuid in,  
A sweat as colde as mountaine yse,  
pearst through her tender skin,  
That with the moisture bath  
wet every part of hers,  
And more besides, she vaineely thinks,  
whilst vaineely thus she feares,  
A thousand bodies dead  
haue compass her about,  
And lest they will dismember her,  
she greatly standes in dout,

### *The tragicall hystory.*

But when she felt her strength  
began to weare a way,  
By little and litle and in her hart  
her feare increased ay:  
Dreading that weakenes might  
or foolish cowardise  
Hinder the execution of  
the purposse enterprise,  
As she had frantike been,  
In hast the glasse she caught,  
And by the drinke the mixture quite,  
withouten farther thought.  
Even on her brest she crost  
her armes long and small,  
And so her senses sayling her,  
into a trauince did fall.  
And when that Phobus bright  
beemed by his seemely hed,  
And from the East in open skyes  
his glistering rayes dispred  
The nurse vnshut the doore,  
for she the key did keepe,  
And doubting she had slept to long.  
she thought to breake her sleepe:  
First, softly did she call,  
then lowder thus did crye,  
Lady, you slepe to long, (the Earle)  
will rayse you by and by.  
But wele a way, in vaine  
vnto the deffe she calles,  
she thynkes to speake to Iuliet,  
but speaketh to the walles.  
If all the dreadfull noyse,  
that might on earth be sound,  
Or on the roaring seas, or if  
the dreadfull thunders sound,



*of Romeus and Iuliet.* Fo. 68

Had blowne into her eares.  
I thinke they could not make,  
The sleeping taight befoze the time  
by any meanes awake:  
So were the spyles of life  
Out by and senses thzale,  
Wherwith the seely carefull nurse  
was wondrously apalde.  
She thought to daie her now  
as she had donne of olde,  
But loe, she found her partes were stiffie,  
and moze then marble colde,  
Neither at mouth no; nose.  
found she recourse of bzeath,  
Two certaine argumentes were these,  
of her vntimely death.  
Wherfoze as one distraught,  
she to her mother ranne,  
With scratched face, and heare vctome,  
but no woord speke she can.  
At last (with much a doo)  
dead (quoth she) is my childe,  
Now out alas (the mother cryde)  
and as a Tyger wilde.  
Whose whelpes whilst she is gonne  
out of her denne to pray,  
The hunter greedy of his game,  
doth kill or cary away:  
So, raging sooth she ranne,  
vnto her Iuliet's bed,  
And there she found her berling, and  
her only comfort bed.  
Then shooke she out as lowde,  
as serue her would her bzeath,  
And then (that pity was to heare)  
thus cryde she out on death.

## The tragicall hystory.

Oh cruell death (quoth she)  
that thus agaynst all right  
Hast ended my felicitie,  
and robde my hartes delight,  
Doe now thy worst to me,  
once weake thy wrath for all.  
Euen in despite I crye to thee  
thy vengeance let thou fall,  
whether to stay I (alas)  
since Juliet is gone:  
Whaterto live I since she is dead,  
except to weale and mone:  
Blacke bere child, my teares  
for thee shall neuer cease,  
Euen as my dayes of life increase,  
so shall my plaint increase:  
Such store of sorow shall  
afflict my tender hart,  
That deadly panges when they assaile  
shall not augment my smart.  
Then gan she so to sobbe,  
it seemd her hart would break,  
And while she crieth thus, behold  
the father at the last.  
The County Paris, and  
of gentilmen a route,  
And Ladies of Verona towne  
and country round about,  
Both kindreds and allies,  
thether apace haue prest;  
For by the presence there they sought;  
to honor so the feast,  
But when the heauy netes  
the byrd in geasses did heate,  
So much they mournd, that who had seene  
they countenance and they there,  
Might

Might easly haue iudge,  
 by that that they had seen,  
 That day the day of wrath, and che  
 of pity to haue bene.  
 But moze then all the rest  
 the fathers hart was so  
 smit with the heavy netes, and so  
 that by with sodain wee,  
 That he ne had the power  
 his daughter to betwepe,  
 He yet to speake, but long to soke,  
 his teares and plaint to kepe.  
 In all the hall he hath  
 for skilfull leaches sent,  
 And hearing of her passed life,  
 they iudge with one assent,  
 The cause of this her death  
 was inward care and thought,  
 And then with double soxe agaynes  
 the doubled sorowes wrought.  
 If euer there hath been  
 a lamentable day,  
 A day ruthfull, unfortunate,  
 and fatall, then I say,  
 The same was it in which,  
 througħ Hieron towne was styed,  
 The wofull netes boin Juliet  
 was struced in her bed.  
 For so she was brimonde,  
 both of the yong and olde,  
 That it might seme to him that would  
 the common plaint behold,  
 That all the common welth  
 did stand in scopardy,  
 So vniuersall was the plaint,  
 so pitreous was the crye.



## The tragicall history.

For so, beside her shape,  
and nature becomen betwe,  
Which which, like as she grew in age,  
her vertues playes grewe:  
She was also so wise,  
so lowly, and so milde:  
That euen from the boye beards,  
vnto the wittles childe,  
She won the hartes of all  
so that there was not one,  
Be great no small, but did that day  
her wretched state bemoane.  
Whilst Juliet slept, and whilst  
the other wepen thus:  
Our fryer Lawrence hath by this,  
sent one to Romeo.  
A frier of his house,  
there neuer was a better,  
He trusted him euen as himselfe,  
to whom he gave a letter:  
In which, he written had,  
of every thing at length,  
That past betwixt Juliet and him,  
and of the powders strength.  
The next night after that,  
he willet him to cumme  
To helpe to take his Juliet  
out of the hollow tombe.  
For by that time, the daynke  
he saith will cease to woozke,  
And for one night his wife and he  
within his cell shall looke,  
Then shall he carry her  
to Mantua away,  
(Will heell Fortune fauour him)  
disguise in many array.

Thus

of Romens and Iuliet. Fo.70

This letter closte he sends  
to Romens by his brother:  
He chargeth him that in no case  
he geue it any other.  
Space out frer John  
to Mantua him bies,  
And so; because in Italy  
it is a wonted gyle,  
That frers in the towne  
should seeldome walke alone,  
But of they; consent ay should be  
accompanide with one:  
Of his p;ofession, straight  
a house he findeth out,  
In minde to take some frer with him,  
to walke the towne about.  
But entred once, he might  
not issue out againe,  
For that a brother of the house,  
a day befoze of twayne,  
Dyed of the plague (a sikenes which  
they greatly feare and hate)  
So were the brethren charged to kepe  
with in there coven gate  
Barb of their fellowship,  
that in the towne do woone,  
The towne folke the commaunded are,  
the frers to lye to shoone:  
Till thei that had the care of helth,  
their freedome should renew,  
Wherof, as pou shal shortly heare,  
a mischief greet there grew.  
The frer by this restraint,  
beset with drede and sorowe,  
Not knowing what the letters betw,  
disferd untill the morowe:

**The tragicall history.**

And then he thought in time  
to send to Romeus,  
But whilst at Mantua where he was,  
these dooings framed thus,  
The towne of Iulietts birth  
was wholly busied,  
About her obsequies, to see  
they early buried.  
Now is the parents my:th  
quite chaunged into mone,  
And now to sorrow is returned  
the ioy of euery one.  
And now the wedding weedes  
for mourning weedes they chaunge,  
And Hymene into a Dyrge,  
alas it seemeth strange.  
In stead of marriage gloues,  
now funerall gloues they haue,  
And whom they should see married,  
they follow to the grave.  
The feast that should haue been  
of pleasure and of ioy,  
 hath euery dish, and cup, filld full  
of sorrow and annoy.  
Now throughout Italy  
this common vs they haue,  
That all the best of euery stocke  
are earthed in one grave,  
For euery household, yf  
it be of any fame,  
Doth buyde a tombe, or digge a banke  
that beares the householdes name  
Wherein (if any of  
that kindred hap to dye).  
They are bestowde, els in the same  
no other corps may lye.



of Romeus and Iuliet. Fo. 71

The Capilets, her corpes  
in such a one dyd lay,  
Wher Tibalt slayne of Romeus,  
was layde the other day:  
In other wise there is,  
that who soeuer dyes,  
Bozne to their church with open face,  
vpon the beere he lyes  
In wonted weede attyde,  
not wapt in winding sheete,  
So, as by chance he walked abroad,  
our Romeus man dyd meete  
His maisters wyfe, the sight  
with sorrow straight dyd wounde  
His honest hart, with teares he saw  
her lodged vnder ground.  
And so he had been sent  
to Meron for a spye,  
The doinges of the Capilets  
by wisdom to descrye,  
And so he knew her death  
dyd touch his maister most,  
(Alas) too soone, with heauy neties  
he dyed away in post  
And in his house he found  
his maister Romeus,  
Wher he besyent with many teares,  
began to speake vnto thus.  
O, vnto you of late  
is chaunced so great a harme,  
What sore except with constancy  
you seeke your selfe to arme,  
I feare that straight you will  
bryeth out your latter breath,  
And I most wretched wight shal be  
thoccasion of your death,

Know

## *The tragicall history.*

Knowe sir that yester day  
my ladie and youre wife,  
I wot not by what sodaine grief,  
hath made erreboving of life:  
And soz because on earth,  
she found nought but unrest,  
In heuen hath she sought to fynd  
a place of quiet rest.  
And with these weeping ries  
my selfe have seen her layde  
Within the tomb of Capilets,  
and here withall bee stayed,  
This sodaine message found  
sent forth with sighes and tears,  
Our Komenus recend too soone  
with open listning eares,  
And thereby hath sunk in  
suche sorow in his hart,  
That in his spirite annoyed soze  
with torment and with smart,  
Was lyke to breake out of  
his pynson bodys per force,  
And that he might fly after hers,  
would leue the massie coze.  
But earnest love that will  
not faile him to his end,  
This send and sodaine fantasie  
into his bed did send:  
That if nere vnto her  
he offered vpp his bryeth,  
That then a hundred thousand parts  
more glozious were his death  
Then should his painful hart  
a gret deale more be eased,  
And more also he hapnly thought  
his lady better pleased.

to her,

of Romeus and Iuliet. Fo. 72

¶ Therefore, when he his face,  
hath wash't with water cleane,  
Lest that the Raynes of dyed teares,  
might on his cheekes bee scene,  
And so his sorrow should  
of every one be spyde,  
¶ Which he with all his care and seekes  
from every one to hyde:  
¶ Straight wery of the house,  
he walketh forth a-bode,  
His servant at the maisters bell  
in chamber still abode:  
And then fro streate to streate,  
he wand'reth by and downe,  
To see if he in any place  
may finde in all the towne,  
A salve meete for his soze,  
an oyle fite for his wounde,  
And seeking long (alack too soone)  
the thing besought, he founde.  
¶ An Apothecary sate  
unbrusht at his doore,  
¶ Whom by his heavy countenance  
he gessed to be poore,  
And in his shop he saw  
his bores were but fewe,  
And in his window (of his wares)  
there was so small a shew,  
¶ Therefore our Romeus  
assuredly, hath thought,  
¶ That by no frendship could be got,  
with money should be bought.  
¶ For needy lacke is lyke  
the poore man to compell,  
To sell that which the citie lawe  
forbiddeth him to sell,

¶ Then



*The tragicall history.*

Then by the hand he dyet  
the new man a part,  
And with the sight of glittring gold  
inflames hath his hart,  
Take fiftie crownes of gold  
(quoth he) I geue them thee,  
So that before I part from hence  
thou straight deliuer me,  
Somme popson strong, that may  
in lesse then halfe an houre,  
Kill him whose wretched hap shalbe  
the potion to deuoure.  
The wretch by couetise  
is wonne, and doth assent,  
To sell the thing, whose sale ere long,  
too late he doth repent.  
In hast he popson sought,  
and closely he it bounde,  
And then began with whispering voyce  
thus in his eare to rounde,  
Fayre sye (quoth he) be sure,  
this is the speedying geare,  
And more there is then you shall neede,  
for halfe of that is there,  
Will serue, I vnder take,  
in lesse then halfe an houre,  
To kill the strongest man alive,  
such is the popsons power.  
Then Romeus somewhat easie  
of one part of his care,  
Within his bosome putteth vp  
his deere but briske ware.  
Retozning home agayne,  
he sent his man away,  
To Elerone to tane, and chargeth him,  
that he without delay,

Drouide

of *Romeus and Iuliet* Fo. 73

Broupde both instruments,  
to open wyde the toombe,  
And lightes to shew him Iuliet,  
and stay (till he shall come)  
Here to the place where as  
his louing wyfe doth rest,  
And chargeth him not to betray  
the dolours of his brest.  
Peter, these heard, his leaue  
doth of his maister take,  
Betyme he comes to towne, such hast  
the paynfull man did make.  
And then with busy care  
he seeketh to fulfill,  
But doth disclose unto no wight  
his wofull maisters will.  
Would God he had herein  
broken his maisters best,  
Would God that to the syer he had  
disclosed all his brest.  
But Romeus, the whyple,  
with many a dedly thought,  
Brouoked much, hath caused ynke  
and paper to be brought,  
And in few lynes he dyd  
of all his lone discorde,  
How by the syers helpe, and by  
the knowledge of the noorde,  
The wedlock knot was knyt  
and by what meane that night  
And many moe he dyd enioy,  
his happy hartes delight.  
Where be the popson bought,  
and how his lyfe should ende,  
And so his wayfull tragedie  
the wretched man hath pend.

R.1.

Ebe

## The tragicall histori.

The letters close and seald,  
directed to his syze:  
He locketh in his purse, and then,  
a post boy's doth he tyze.  
When he approached nere,  
he warily lighted downe,  
And euen with the shade of night,  
he entred Verona towne,  
Where he hath found his man  
waiting when he should come,  
With lanterne and with instrumentes,  
to open Juliets tombe  
Helpe Peter, help quoth he,  
helpe to remoue the stone,  
And straight when I am gone fro thee  
my Juliet to bemoner?  
He that thou get thee hence,  
and on the payne of death,  
I charge thee that thou come not nere,  
whyle I abyde beneath,  
Decke thou not to let  
thy maisters enterpryse,  
Which he hath fully purposed  
to doe in any wise.  
Take there a letter, which  
as soone as he shall ryse,  
Present it in the morning to  
my louing fathers eyes,  
Which vnto him perhaps  
farr plesanter shall seme,  
Then either I do mind to say,  
or thi gross hed can deeme.  
Now Peter that know not,  
the purpose of his hart,  
Obediently a little way  
withdrew himselle apart,

And



of Romeo and Juliet Fo. 74

And then our Romeo,  
(the vault stone set by sight)  
Descended downe, and in his hand,  
he bare the candle light.  
And then with pitous eye,  
the body of his wyfe,  
He gan behold, who surely was  
the organ of his life.  
For whom unhappy now  
hee is, but erst was blisse.  
Hee watred her with tears, and then  
an hundred times her kiss,  
And in his folded armes,  
ful straightlie he her plight,  
But no way could his greedy eyes  
be filled with her sight,  
His fearfull handes he layd  
vpon her stomacke colde,  
And then on diuers parts besyde,  
the wofull wight did hold.  
But when he could not find  
the signes of lyfe he sought,  
Out of his cursed boe he drew  
the popson that he bought,  
whereof, he gredeily  
denourece the greater part,  
And then he cryde with deadly sight,  
fretcht from his mourning hart:  
Oh Juliet, of whom  
the world vnwoorthy was,  
From which, for woordes vnwoorthines  
thy wo:th by govt dyd passe:  
What death moze pleasant could  
my hart with to abyde,  
When that which here it suffereth now,  
so nere thy frendly syde.

*The tragicall histori.*

O: els so glorious tombe,  
how could my point haue craued,  
As in oth selfe same haust wish thee  
haply to be ingraued?  
What Epitaph were worthy,  
o: halfe so excellent,  
To consecrat my membyre,  
could any man inuent  
As this, our mutball, and  
our piteous sacrifice  
Of lyfe, set light for lone, but while  
he talketh in his wise,  
And thought as yet a while  
his dolours to enforce,  
His tender hart began to faynt,  
prest with the venomous force;  
Which little and little gan  
to overcome his hart,  
And whilst his busy eyne he thicke  
about to eury part:  
He saw hard by the coze  
of sleeping Iuliet,  
Wold Tybalts carkeas dead, which was  
not all consumed yet,  
To whom (as haung life)  
in this sort speaketh he,  
Ab cosin here Tybalt, wherefore  
thy rilles spere now be,  
With stretched handes to thee  
for mercy now I crye,  
For that befoze thy kindly hotoze  
I forced she to dye.  
But if with quenched lyfe,  
not quenched by thine yre,  
But with reuenging lust as yet  
thy hart be set on fyre:

What

What more amendes, o cruell  
 I wake desirest thou?  
 To see on me, then this which here  
 is shewd forth to the nether  
 who rest by force of armes  
 from thee thy living breath.  
 The same with his owne hand thou hast  
 both poyson him selfe to death.  
 And so he caused thee  
 in tombe too soone to lye,  
 As soone also yonger then thou  
 himselfe he layeth by.  
 These said, when he gan seele,  
 the poysons force preuaile,  
 And little and little mastered lye,  
 for ay beganna to sayle.  
 Kneeling vpon his knees,  
 he said with voyce full loe,  
 Lord Christ that so to raunsome us  
 descendedst long agoe,  
 Out of thy fathers bosome,  
 and in the virgins wombe,  
 Didst put on fleish, Oh let my plaint  
 out of this hollow tombe,  
 Perce through the ayre, and graunt  
 my sute may fauour finde.  
 Take pittie on my sinnefull and  
 my poore afflicted mynde:  
 For well enough I know,  
 this body is but clay,  
 Bought but a masse of sinne, to scape,  
 and subiect to decay,  
 When pressed with extreme griefe,  
 he threw with so great force,  
 His overpressed parts vpon  
 his ladies walled corpes:



## The tragicall hystory.

That now his weakened hart,  
weakened with tormentes past,  
Unable to abyde this pang,  
the sharpest and the last:  
Remayned quite depriv'd  
of sense and kinde strength,  
And so the long imprison'd soule,  
both freedom toyme at length.  
Ah cruell death too soone,  
too soone was this denoyce,  
Thirt yonthfull Romus beauefully spight  
and his saye earthy coyle,  
The fryer knew what time  
the powder had been taken,  
Knew eke the very instant, when  
the sleper should awaken.  
But wondring that he could  
no kinde of aunswer heare,  
Of letters, which to Romus  
his fellow fryer did beare:  
Out of saint Francis church  
him selfe alone byd fare,  
And for the opening of the tombe,  
meete instrumentes he dare,  
Approching nigh the place,  
and seeing there the light,  
Great dojoy felt he in his hart,  
by strange and sobain sight,  
Eyll Peter (Romus man)  
his coward hart made bolde,  
Whow of his matters being there,  
the certaine newes he tolde:  
There hath he been (quoth he)  
this halfe halfe at the least,  
And in this time I dare well say  
his plaints hath still increast.

Then

of Romeus and Iuliet. Fo. 76

Then both they entred in,  
where they (alas) bid fynde,  
The bretherles corpes of Romeus,  
forsaken of the mynde.  
Where they haue made such mone,  
as they may best conceiue,  
That haue with perfect friendship loue,  
whose friend, secrete death byd reue.  
But whilst with pitious plaint,  
they Romeus late bewepe,  
An holpe too late saye Iuliet  
awaked out of slepe.  
And much amasde to see  
in tombe so great a light,  
She wist not if she saw a dreame,  
or spites that walked by night.  
But cummyng to her selfe,  
she knew them, and said thus,  
What fyer Latoyence, is it your  
where is my Romeus?  
And then the atterient fricr,  
that greatly doode in feare,  
Lest if they linged ouer long,  
they should be taken there.  
In fewe plaine wordes, the whole  
that was betwixt he tolde.  
And with his finger shewd his corpe  
out strected, stiff, and colde,  
And then perswaded her  
with patience to abyde  
This sodain great mischaunce, and sayd  
that he will soone prouyde  
In somme religious house  
for her a quiet place,  
Where she may spend the rest of lyfe,  
and where in tyme percase

## *The tragicall hystory.*

She may with wisdomes meane,  
measure her mourning best,  
And vnto her tormented soule  
call backe criled rest.  
But loe, as soone as she  
had cast her ruthfull eye  
On Romeus face, that pale and wan,  
fast by her side dyd lye,  
Straight waie she dyd vnstop  
the conduites of her teares,  
And out they gush, with cruell hand  
she tare hir golden heares.  
But when she neither could  
her swelling sorrow swage,  
Ne yet her tender hart abyde  
her sickenes furious rage:  
Falne on his corps, she lay  
long panting on his face,  
And then with all her force and strength;  
she ded corps dyd embrace,  
As though with sighes, with sobs,  
with force and busy payne,  
she would him rayse, and him restore  
from death to lyfe agayne:  
A thousand times she kiss  
his mouth as cold as stone,  
And it vnkiss againe as oft,  
then gan she thus to moone.  
As pleasant prop of all  
my thoughtes, as onely ground  
Of all the swete delights, that yet  
in all my lyfe I founde,  
Did such assured trust  
within thy hart repose:  
That in this place, and at this time,  
this churchyarde thou hast chose:  
Betwixt



Betwixt the arrows of me,  
 thy perfect loving maker  
 And thus by meanes of me to ende  
 thy lyfe, and so; my sake;  
 Euen in the flowing of  
 thy youth, when vnto thee,  
 Thy lyfe most deare (as to the most)  
 and pleasant ought to be:  
 How could this tender corps  
 with stand the cruel sight  
 Of furious death, that wents to trap  
 the stoutest with his sight?  
 How could thy dainty youth  
 agree with willing hart,  
 In this so foule infected place  
 (to dwell) where now thou art.  
 Where spitefull Fortune hath  
 appointed the to be,  
 The dainty foote of greedy woozmes,  
 vnworthy sure of thee.  
 Alas, alas, alas,  
 what neede now a new,  
 My wonted sorowes doubled twise  
 agayne thus to rent we?  
 Which both the tyme and eke  
 my patient long abode  
 Should now at length haue quenched quite  
 and vnder soote haue trode.  
 Ah wretch, and captiue that  
 I am, euen when I thought  
 To finde my painefull passions salue:  
 I myst the thing I sought,  
 And to my mortall harme,  
 the fatall knyfe I grounde,  
 That gaue to me so deepe, so wyde,  
 so cruell dedly wounde.

## *The tragicall history.*

Oh thou most vnfortunate,  
and most vnhappy tombe,  
For thou shalt heere from age to age,  
witnes in tyme to comine,  
Of the most perfect leage,  
betwixt a payze of louers,  
That were the most vnfortunate,  
and fortunate of others:  
Because the latter sigh,  
receaued the latter pang,  
Of the most cruell of cruell slanes,  
that woth and death ay wong.  
And when our Juliet would  
continue still her mone,  
The fryer and the scruant fled  
and left her there alone.  
For they a sodayne nopsle,  
fast by the place did heare,  
And lest they might be taken there,  
greatly the stode in feare.  
When Juliet saw her selfe  
left in the vault alone,  
That freely she might worke her will,  
for let or stay was none:  
Then once for all she took  
the cause of all her harmes,  
The body dead of Romeo,  
and claspd it in her armes,  
Then she with earnest kisse,  
sufficiently did proue,  
That more then by the feare of death,  
she was attaint by loue.  
And then past deadly feare,  
for lyfe ne had she care,  
With hasty hand she did drawe out,  
the dagger that he ware,

O welcome death (quoth she)  
 end of unhappines,  
 That also art beginning of  
 assured happines:  
 Feare not to darre me nowe,  
 thy stripe no longer stay,  
 How long no longer now my life,  
 I hate this long delaye.  
 For straight my parting spyte,  
 out of this carkeas fled,  
 At ease shall finde my Romeus spyte,  
 among so many dead.  
 And thou my louing lord,  
 Romeus my trullie seer,  
 If knowledge yet do rest in thee,  
 if thou these woordes dost here:  
 Recue thou her whom thou  
 didst loue so lawfully,  
 That can (de alas) thy violent death  
 although unwillingly.  
 And therefore willingly  
 offers to thee her goods  
 So thend that no might els but thou,  
 might haue iust cause to bolle  
 The murthering of my loue,  
 which ay I haue reserved,  
 Free from the rest, bound vnto thee,  
 that hast it well deserued.  
 That so our parted spites,  
 from light that we see here,  
 In place of endlesse light and blisse,  
 may euer liue pfeere.  
 These said, her iustlike hand  
 throught gytt her valiant hart,  
 Ah Ladies helpe with reaces to wayle,  
 the ladies becolle smart.



## *The tragicall history.*

She grones she stretcheth out  
her limmes, she shuttes her eyes,  
And from her corpes the spite doth flye,  
What should I say: she dyes.  
The watchmen of the towne,  
the whilst are passed by,  
And through the grates the candell light  
within the tombe they spy:  
Wherby they did suppose,  
inchauntes to be comie,  
That with prepared instrumentes  
had opened wide the tombe,  
In purpose to abuse  
the bodies of the ded,  
which by theyr science ayde abuse  
to stand them oft in ded.  
Theyr curious hartes desire,  
the truth herof to know,  
Then they by certaine steppes descend,  
where they do fynd below  
In clasped armes ywrought  
the husband and the wyfe,  
In whom as yet they seemd to see  
somme certain markes of lyfe.  
But when moze curiously  
with leysure they did view,  
The certainty of both theyr deaths,  
assuredly they knew.  
Then here and there so long  
with carefull eye they sought,  
That at the length hidden they found  
the murthrers, so they thought.  
In dongeon depe that night  
they lodgde them vnder grounde,  
The next day do they tell the prince  
the mischiefe that they found.

The

of Romeus and Iuliet. Fo. 79

The netwes was by and by  
throughtout the netwes by  
Word of the thing offe by  
and of the thing founde  
I bethe might you have founde  
whole howe bothe in the  
into the netwes where they were  
this wonder strange was  
The great, the small, the rich,  
the poore, the young, the old,  
all it by the waye to the  
but rebe when they beholde.  
And that the murderers  
to all men might be knowne,  
Like as the netwes by the  
through all the netwes by  
The prince and straight by the  
the cosse that was by the  
should be the netwes by  
bye capte from the netwes,  
Right in the netwes by  
(The netwes by the netwes by)  
That in the netwes by they  
been found that other night  
And she that Romeus was  
and frer Iuliet was  
Be opene by the netwes,  
so; els the netwes by  
Have murmured, or by  
there were the netwes by  
by opene they were not called,  
and so cometh by the netwes.  
The holy frer note,  
and reuerent by his age,  
In great repete to the netwes  
upon the openinge,  
A thing

## *The tragical history.*

(A thing that ill becomes,  
a man of silver beares)  
His beard as white as milke he hateth,  
with great fall falling teares.  
Whom straight the iudiciall Judge  
committeth to heere.  
Both hee this murder hath bene done,  
and who the murderers are;  
So that hee were the sower  
was sowne at howes unste,  
And hee with him the yon toole,  
so; such a purpose fitter  
The sower was of linch  
spite, and free of speche.  
The Judge tooke as paine him not,  
ne were his wittes to loose.  
But with a while hee,  
a while spake hee day,  
And then with bold affect began  
aloud thus can hee say.  
My lordes, there is not one  
among you, set together,  
So that (affect ion set aside)  
by wisdoms hee canner  
My former passed life,  
and this my extreme age,  
And eke this heauy sight, the weake,  
of franke fortunes rage.  
But that amazed much,  
both wonder at this change,  
So great, so sobairly befalling,  
unlooked for, and strange.  
So; I, that in the space  
of .lx. yers and tenne,  
Since first I did begin to looke  
to leade my lyfe with men,

And



of Romens and Inlet. Fo. 80

And with the moxles haue I hang  
my selfe I haue acquaint,  
Was neuer yet in open place  
at any time attraynt  
With any crime, in twaight,  
as heauy as a ruple,  
He is there any stander by,  
can make me gilty blup,  
(Although before the face  
of God, I doe confesse,  
My selfe to be the sinfull witch  
of all this mighty pectice  
When rediest I am,  
and likeliest to make  
My great account, which no man els  
for me shall undertake:  
When twoynes, the earth, and death  
doe cpte me euery holwe,  
I appeare before the iudgement seate  
of euertasting powre,  
And falling ripe I stepp  
vpon my graues blinket  
Euen then am I most watched twight  
(as erbe of you both thinke)  
Although my most haynous deede,  
with bealong sway thowone tolone  
In greatest daunger of my lyfe,  
and domage of renowne.  
The spring, whence in your heart,  
this newe conceite both rise,  
And in your hart increaseth still  
your balme and wrong surmise:  
May be the hugens of  
these teares of myne (perrase)  
What so abundantly downe fall,  
by eyther side my face:

## *The tragicall history.*

As though the memory  
in scriptures were not kept,  
That Christ our saviour himselfe  
for ruth and pittie wept.  
And more to both will reade,  
written shall be founde,  
That teares are as true messengers  
of mans vngittie mynde.  
O: els (a liker p:oose)  
that I am in the cryme,  
you say these present p:ons are,  
and the suspected tyme.  
As though all howres alike  
had not been made aboue,  
Did Christ not say the day had time to live  
whereby he sought to p:oue,  
That the respect of howres,  
ought fully to be had,  
But at all times men haue the choyce  
of doing good or bad.  
Euen as the spirit of God,  
the hartes of men doth guide,  
O: that teacheth them to stray  
from Vertues path asyde.  
As for the p:ons that  
infection in my hand,  
As now I becom, I neede not seke  
to make ye vnderstande;  
To what use p:on first  
was made, when it began:  
How of it selfe it helpeth not,  
ne yet can helpe a man.  
The thing that hurteth, is  
the malice of his will,  
That such indifferent thinges is worne  
to vse and order ill.

Thus

Thus much I thought to say,  
to cause you so to know,  
That neither these my piteous teares,  
though nere so fast they flowe,  
Be yet these yron tooles,  
nor the suspected tyme,  
Can Iustly proue the murder donne,  
O; damne me of the cryme,  
So one of these hath powre,  
ne power haue all the three,  
To make me other then I am,  
how so I seme to be.  
But sure my conscience  
(if so my guilt deserue)  
For an appeacher, witnesse, and  
a hangman eke should seme.  
For though mine age, whole beates,  
of long tyme since were boye,  
And credyt greate that I was in,  
with you in tyme to lose,  
And eke the losse ne short  
that I on earth must make,  
That euery day and holys doleke  
my tourney hence to take,  
My conscience inwardly,  
Should moze torment me thasse,  
Then all the outward deely payne  
that all you could deuple.  
But (God I praye) I feele  
no woyme that gnaweth me,  
And from remorses pricking sting,  
I loy that I am free.  
I meane as touching this,  
wherwith you troubled are,  
Wherwith you should be troubled still  
if I my speche should spare.



## The tragical history.

But to the end I may  
set all your hartes at rest,  
And plucke out all the scrupuls that  
are rooted in your breast:  
Which might perhappes henceforth  
increasing more and more  
within your conscience also,  
increase your curlesse sorze:  
I sweare by ponder heauens,  
whither I hope to clym,  
And soz a witnes of my woozdes,  
my hart attesteth him,  
Whose mighty hand both welde  
them in their byposent sway,  
And on the rolling Roome my seas  
the beaue earth both stay:  
That I will make a short  
and ke a true dyscounte  
Of this most, wofull Tragedy,  
and shew both thend and shurte  
Of their unhappy death,  
which you perchawke not lesse  
will wonder at, then they (alast)  
poore louers in distresse,  
Promised much in mynde  
not forcing finely by death,  
With strong and patient hart byd  
themselve to cruel death.  
Such was the mutuall loue,  
wherin they burned both:  
And of their promist friendshipps sayde,  
so stedy was the troth.  
And then the auncient scier  
began to make discourse,  
Euen from the first of Romes,  
and Iulietts amours,

How

of Romens and Iuliet. Fo. 82

How first by sodain sight,  
the one the other chose,  
And howt they selfe did knitt the knotte  
which onely death might loose,  
And how within a while,  
with hotter loue opprest,  
Vnder confessions cloke, to him,  
them selfe they haue adrest.  
And how with solemne othes  
they haue protested both,  
That they in hart are married  
by promise and by othe.  
And that except he graunte  
the rytes of church to gette,  
They shalbe lost by earnest loue,  
in sinnefull state to liue.  
Which thing when he had sayde,  
and when he vnderstode,  
That the agreement twixt them twaynes  
was lawfull, honest, good,  
And all thinges payed well,  
it seemed meete to be,  
For lyke they were of noble kinne,  
age, riches, and degree:  
Doping that so at length,  
ended might be the stryfe  
Of Montague was and Capelers,  
that led in hate theyr lyfe.  
Thinking to wooke a wooke  
well pleasing in Gods sight,  
In secret theyst be wedded them,  
and they the selfe same night  
Made by the marriage,  
in house of Capulet,  
As well doth knowe (if the be askt)  
the nurce of Iuliet.

187 The tragical histori.

He told how Romens fled,  
forrening Ithaks life  
And how the widdow, Darts the little  
was offered to his wife.  
And how the lady dyd,  
so great a wrong by dayne,  
And how to thrust into his church  
she came to him agayne:  
And how she fell flat downe  
before his feete aground,  
And how she sware her hand,  
and bloody knife should wound  
her harmeles hart, except,  
that he some means wold fynde  
To disappoynt the Carles attempt,  
and spotles save her mynde.  
Wherfore he both conclude,  
(although that long before)  
By thought of death, and age, he had  
refus'd so; evermore.  
The bidden artes which he  
delighted in, in youth,  
Yet wonne by her importunenes,  
and by his inward ruth,  
And fearing lest she would  
her cruell bowe discharge,  
His closed conscience he had  
opened and set at large.  
And rather did he choose  
to suffer for one tyme,  
His soule to be spotted somdeale  
with small and easie cryme,  
Then that the lady should,  
(wery of luyng breath)  
Murder her selfe, and danger much  
her selfe soule by death,

and her



of Romeus and Iuliet. Fo. 83

wherefore, his ancient artes  
agayne he puttes in vze,  
A certain powder gaue he her  
that made her slepe so sure,  
That they her holde for dead,  
and how that siter John  
With letters sent to Romeus,  
to Mantua is gone,  
Of whom he knoweth not  
as yet, what is become,  
And how that dead he found his stone,  
within her kindreds tombe.  
He thinks with poison strong,  
for care the young man sterue,  
Supposing Iuliet dead, and how,  
that Iuliet hath earned  
With Romeus dagger breath,  
her hart and yelded breath,  
Desirous to accompany  
her loue after death.  
And how they could not saue  
her, so they were afraid,  
And hide them selfe, dreading the noise  
of watchmen that they heard.  
And for the proofe of this  
his tale, he doth beseech  
The Judge, to send forth with  
to Mantua for the siter,  
To learne his cause of stay,  
and eke to reade his letter,  
And more beside, to shew that they  
might iudge his cause the better,  
He prayeth them depose  
the nurse of Iuliet,  
And Romeus man, whom at Mantua  
beside the tombe he met.

L.iii.

Then

## *The tragicall histori.*

Then Peter not so much  
as erst he was, bysmayd;  
My lordes (quoth he) to true is all,  
that Fryer laurence sayd.  
And when my maister went  
into my mystris graue,  
This letter that I offer you,  
vnto me then he gaue  
which he himselfe byd wryte,  
as I do vnderstand,  
And charged me to offer them  
vnto his fathers hand.  
He opened packet both  
containe in it the same,  
That erst the skillfull fryer said,  
and eke the wyetches name  
That had at his request,  
the deadly popson sold,  
The price of it, and why he bought,  
his letters playne haue tolde.  
The case vnfolded so,  
and open now it lyes,  
That they could with no better pproofe,  
saue seeing it with theyr eyes.  
So orderly all thinges  
were tolde and tryed out,  
That in the pcase there was not one,  
that stood at all in doute.  
The wyser sozt to counsell  
called by Escalus,  
Haue giuen aduise, and Escalus  
sagely decreeth thus:  
The nurse of Iuliet,  
is banisht in her age,  
Because that from the parents she  
did hide the mariage.

Which

*of Romens and Iuliet: Fo. 84*

Which might haue wrought much good,  
had it in time been knowne,  
But now by her concealing it,  
a mischeefe greates is growne,  
And Peter, for he dyd  
obey his masters beft,  
In wooentes freedom had good leane  
to leade his lyfe in rest  
A Apothecary, high  
is hanged by the throte,  
And for the paynes he tooke with him,  
the hangman had his cote.  
But now what shall betyde  
of this gray bearded fyre,  
Of fyre Laurence thus arrayde,  
that good barefooted fyre.  
Because that many times  
he woox help his serue  
The common wealch, and in his lyf  
was neuer found to swerue.  
He was discharged quite,  
and no marke of defame,  
Did seeme to blot, or touch at all,  
the honoz of his name.  
But of him selfe he went  
into an Hermitage,  
two myles from Weron to towne, where he  
in prayers pass forth his age.  
Till that from earth to heauen,  
his heauenly spyte dyd flye.  
Fyue yerres he liued an Hermite, and  
an Hermite dyd he dye.  
The strangenes of the chauce,  
when tryed was the truth  
The Montaguewes and Capilets  
bath moued so to ruth,

Wat



*The tragical history.*

That with their emptyd teares,  
they; coller and they; rage,  
Was emptied quite, and they whose w;ath  
no wisdom could all wage,  
For th;reatning of the p;ince,  
ne mynde of murders donne:  
At length so mighty Jone it would)  
Opylve they are wonne.  
And lest that length of tyme  
might from our myndes remoue,  
The memo;ry of so perfect sound,  
and so app;ozoned lone,  
The bodies dead remoued  
from haulte where they did dye,  
In statelie tombe, on pillers great,  
of marble rayse they h;ye.  
On every syde aboue,  
were set and eke beneath,  
Great Roze of cunning Epitaphes,  
in hono; of theyr death.  
And euen at this day  
the tombe is to be seene.  
So that among the monumentes  
that in Verona been,  
There is no monument  
more wo;thy of the sight:  
Then is the tombe of Juliet,  
and Romens her knight.

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(..)

*The supposed Author of this  
Poem is Arthur Brooke.*

